Slaves and Slavery Days – 1914.

RIGHT OF INHERITANCE IN PROPERTY OF SLAVES

The Claim of Sisters and Brothers to Inheritable Right Denied by Court.

LAWS OF STATE CONTROL

Slavery Conditions Made it Difficult to Establish Relationships of Relatives—Slave Wives or Husbands and Children of Slaves Have Right to Inherit, but not Brothers and Sisters.

Special to THE NEW YORK AGE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 30.—An important decision concerning the inheritance rights of relatives of slaves other than the wife and children was handed down recently by the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Lurton reading the opinion. It was declared that the right to hold and transmit property is a bestowed and not a natural right, and consequently is controlled by the laws and statutes of the several States and does not come under the operation of the Federal Constitution.

The decision came in the case filed by the brothers and sisters of the late John Jones, an ex-slave, who left considerable property, the relatives claiming they had an inheritable interest in the estate. The widow, Marguerite Jones, denied that under the Tennessee law the brothers and sisters had any right of collateral inheritance.

The widow was represented by B. F. Booth, a Negro lawyer of Memphis, while the relatives were represented by Banks & Harralson, Cockeroft & Odell and W. P. Metcalf, all prominent white lawyers. The case was taken through the Tennessee courts to the Supreme Court at Washington, Mr. Harralson appearing in the arguments before the courts in opposition to Mr. Booth.

The right of slave wives or slave husbands to inherit one from the other, or of sons and daughters to inherit in orderly succession, whether slaves or not, is not affected by the decision, but the law of inheritance gives no natural inheritable right to brothers and sisters, and the decision affirms that the rights of such relatives must be controlled by the laws of the State in which they live. Social conditions in slavery times makes it increasingly doubtful that brothers and sisters could establish their identity beyond all dispute. The decision in the case does not touch upon the rights of citizenship of colored Americans, for nothing in that respect was involved.

1914.

Right of Native Africans
should mean benefits to this country
as land range of slaves.
Now alive at Plateau.

Slavery - 1915

PAY FOR LABOR PERFORMED UNDER SYSTEM OF INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE IS A JUST CLAIM, AND WILL TEST THE JUDICIARY OF THE COUNTRY.

The claim made by the terms of the suit recently filed in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia by Hon. Cornelius J. Jones of Muskogee, Okla., wherein the court is asked to declare a lien against Sixty-eight Million dollars now lying in the federal treasury, which lien is asked to be declared in favor of laborers who produced the cotton in the years ranging from 1859 to 1868, wherein these laborers, it is alleged, did not receive any pay for labor performed in the production of that cotton from which cotton, it is alleged, the Government, through the secretary of the Treasury, illegally obtained money in the nature of a reputed revenue tax on raw cotton, is one of the gravest propositions affecting the mass of colored people of the country since the formation of the Government.

When we consider, that every person who labored in the cotton fields of the south, or, the children or heirs of such persons so laboring, but who are now dead, all are to become participants in the distribution of this huge fund, it shows up for itself, that the suit is one of the gravest importance imaginable. It is one of the contests of the colored people, which is not based on race sentiment, but purely one based on business principles, wherein money is asked for honest toil which, though rendered years ago, has not been paid for by the beneficiaries thereof. We have talked with Mr. Jones, chief counsel in the case, and he clearly eschews the connection of this suit, with any of the former movements affecting, or touching, the commonly called, "old slave pension" agitation. Mr. Jones says, that his purpose in this suit is to address the facts supporting the contentions in the bill and proceed along orderly lines of procedure through the courts for a final decree in equity, steering clear of any sentimental paths whatever. The suit is, in legal procedure, nothing more than a claim for money due for past services; and a reason for not having asserted the claim more seasonably, and a reason why plaintiffs were not permitted to more seasonably put forth their claim; a request for appointment of necessary Masters in chancery to take proof of the claims asserted in the bill, and finally, a plea for an order crystaling this claim into a judicial decree having the force of a judgment lien on the money in sight. Every colored person having any interest in this suit, must assert himself in alliance with Mr. Jones now, or he is precluded hereafter. The more persons making claim, makes the share smaller for the successful ones: the less the number claiming, the more to the share of those claiming and proving same. The Bee urges all persons to get into immediate touch with Mr. Jones, and let every person circulate the information as far as he can, in order that all persons may have ample opportunity of becoming enrolled in time to be examined by the master in the making of proof.

This case will require, first, an enrollment of claimants, and next the setting of certain times and places for the examination of those enrolled as claimants, and this examination will be by the commission of the court; all in order that the matter shall be judiciously disposed of finally.

For the present, Mr. Jones is stopping at 529 N. J. Ave. N. W. this city; but soon he will return south, and there establish headquarters is one of the principal cities of some of the cotton States. Mr. Jones will not return to his resident city, Muskogee, Oklahoma, while engaged in the work of this suit, but will be conducting operations from the headquarters of the claimants as stated, which most probably will be Memphis, Tennessee. So, any inquiry of him addressed to the given number for the next ten days, will be received in the city; after that time, he may be found at No. 406 Ashland street, Memphis, Tenn. The method of raising revenue to finance this suit is to be formulated within a very few days, and whatever method decided upon must be promptly met, for the time within which the case must be developed will be short under the rules of the court and the law governing disposition of such cases. The court cost in such a case will necessarily be many thousands of dollars, for it will include the expenses of the Masters in Chancery, stenographers, messengers and fees for these officers; also messengers and attorney fees, stationery and office quarters, and incidentals generally. The amount sought by the claimants is well worth all the money raised for expenses and costs, and no doubt a vast number will take advantage of it; and remember, the fewer the number claiming, the more for those who do claim; so in order to get in the proposition, one must make himself one of the early ones, for as the management of the case is in Mr. Jones' hands, he will be charged with responsibility of compiling the roll of claimants. The Bee gives this space to the subject for the purpose of giving the information, and sounding the warning to the interested parties to act, and act at once. Mr. Jones states that there is work for all the lawyers who may be inclined to share in the work to be set apart to them, and he invites their co-operation and association unreservedly.

AS TO THAT $68,000,000 SOUTHERN COTTON CLAIM

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 18, 1915.

Mr. Nick Chiles, Topeka, Kan.:

My Dear Mr. Chiles, Editor Topeka Plaindealer: Your kind favor reached me this morning, and in reply I will say:

The suit filed by the plaintiffs in the case under discussion purposes to have the court declare a lien on the money accredited to the Civil War Tax Fund as designated in the Treasury Department at the time of its receipt; and the grounds as you have seen, are that the cotton designated as having been raised, or produced, for the years of 1859 to 1863, was the result of toil of the plaintiffs, who were dominated during those years by involuntary servitude. Of course, these people at that time—1859 to 1863—could not make any claim for such labor in the way of compensation. I would kindly ask you to read my speech at Baltimore last October 15th, and you will see very distinctly the grounds relied upon. Now, as to the method of distribution: Should the court ultimately render a decree for us, it will be according to the prayer of our bill filed. We, in that bill, ask that the money be prorated among those who make claim to the interest shown to have been obtained in favor of the rspective plaintiffs in equal undivided shares. And thus you see that the judgment of the court will be the basis of distribution. This matter will not be the subject of congressional actiity until after the court renders its decree and then, of course, Congress will have to make an appropriation to satisfy the terms of the decree of the court, just as it has to do when the Court of Claims makes an order covering any claim adjudicated by it. But it will not be in the nature of an item of general appropriation for departmental or other general government necessity. But, as the money can not be extracted from the treasury without congressional assent, this assent is merely a formal authority for the treasurer to pay out the money. In other words, even though as we say, the government has no interest in the money, yet it is in the treasury and it can not be gotten out, under the terms of the constitution, without the assent of Congress, hence this formal appropriation will be asked by the Treasury Deparment under the terms of the decree sought. Therefore, every claimant must be enrolled, so that he may be known as such claimant just, as you have said, as the rule obtained with the enrollment of the Indian claims. Any aid given us in this trying ordeal will not be overlooked by the claimants. I appreciate the fact that this contest is one of the gravest moment and one which must in the very nature of things, be fought bitterly, because it means a settlement of some very salient propositions, and we do not expect a termination of this question in the District of Columbia courts, for the magnitude of the issues is evidently aimed toward the Supreme Court of the United States. I do not say this as any prejudgment of the actions which the courts of the District of Columbia may take in the matter, but I mean that the issues are so important that should the courts decide in our favor, the defendant will appeal; and we might be expected to do likewise should we receive the adverse judgment of the honorable courts. And I wish to specially disclaim any lack of courtesy toward the courts under discussion at this moment.

These plaintiffs and their chief counsel are being made the subject of some very unkind and unfair characterization by the defendant and some of his official associates in this matter, and, as you know, the tremendous power and authority of that department foretell the enormity of the contest, unequal in many respects, and these plaintiffs and counsel are exposed to all the withering assaults from sources of power and influence. But we are destitute of any means of communication to the courts other than through our own medium, hence we stand determined and oblivious as to the power and authority, the activity of which we may in the order of things natural, invite against our struggle for a right which we honestly believe we are justified in. I hope to hear from you at any time, and regard me as feeling honored by your kind consideration. Very truly,

CORNELIUS J. JONES.

EX-SLAVES IN SECOND REUNION AT BISHOP

Special to The New York Age.

MARSHALL, Tex., Jan. 4.—On New Years Day, Friday, Jan. 1, the second gathering of ex-slaves was held on the campus of Bishop College, with C. H. Maxson, President, acting as host.

Dinner was served at 1.30 P. M. to about 60 of the old people, who were escorted to a special table by the students. Likewise a special table was set for guests invited to be present with the ex-slaves.

In the afternon the exercises were held in the college chapel. Paul Bledsoe of Prairie View State Normal was the principal speaker, and his subject was "Fifty Years of Freedom." A special choir of the students, under direction of Prof. Talcott of the music department, sang plantation songs, and addresses were made by several of the ex-slaves, including Henderson Herron, Jacob Green, Samuel McLain, Samuel Banks, Mr. Roberts, Richard Lane, Art Smith, Berry Brown, the Rev. A. M. Moore. Remarks were also made by the Rev. J. W Bailey, Messrs. Pemberton of Central High School, Clark of Wiley University, and W. F. Bledsoe. The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. J. H. May of the Bethesda Baptist Church.

Will Negroes Be Compensated?

Congress Will Be Asked to Pay Former Slaves Revenue from the Civil War Cotton Tax.

Claimants of the South Confront the United States Treasury Department with its own letter dated June 1st, 1915, and confidently insist that the $68,000,000 account is still subject to their suit filed in Washington, in spite of Mr. McAdoo's letter of the 15th to the contrary.

The Plaindealer has looked with much apprehension and a deal of individual interest upon the movement known as the effort of the claimants in the suit filed by them in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia at Washington, D. C., last July.

We have known Mr. Cornelius J. Jones, the Chief Counsel, for many years, and have known him to be a man of unusual energy and ability as a lawyer, which has charmed the admiration of both Bench and Bar of the country, and when we saw him as the moving spirit of a suit which means so much in every way for the people intended to be the principal beneficiaries, we, knowing nothing of the merits of the case, relied upon our confidence in the Chief Counsel and contented ourselves with a wait until we heard more. And when the Secretary of the Treasury sent out his statement on the 15th of last month, we more than ever wanted to know if it were possible, that there has been an oversight somewhere. But as we were about to become seized with a heart of sadness, we now more than gladly place before our readers the statement from the claimants through their splendid representative needs no comment from any source whatever; it speaks for itself, and we will not attempt to add one word, nor can any one, even if he dared to, take away from the cold, bald situation disclosed by the facts shown, and which more than ever evidenced the fact, that Mr. Cornelius J. Jones can be counted on at all times as not going into any matter without preparation. The statement follows, to wit:

The Civil War Cotton Tax Revenue

First.—On the 15th day of October, 1915, the Secretary sent to the country generally, a statement which said: "There is no fund of $68,000,000 or any other sum in the Treasury of the United States for ex-slaves, or those who worked in the cotton fields of the South."

2nd.—The Secretary, Mr. McAdoo, also said, "the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the war cotton tax of 1862-1868, was constitutional.'"

3rd.—That the money collected as Civil War revenue tax of 1862 to 1868 has been treated as part of the general receipts of the Government and applied to payment of government debts.

In May, 1915, the present chief counsel in this case (and before this suit was filed in Supreme Court of District of Columbia last July), wrote the Secretary, Mr. McAdoo, to be informed whether the money was still in the Treasury separately known as such revenue tax money; and what was in status; and on June 1st, 1915, the following letter was received from the department:

"Treasury Department,

Office of the Assistant Secretray.

Washington, D.C., June 1, 1915.

Mr. C. J. Jones, 307 Fon Du Luc St., Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Sir: I am directed by the Secretary, and in reply to your communication relative to the tax levied on cotton during and after the close of the Civil War, I have to inform you that the question of the constitutionality of the tax was before the courts in the case of Farrington vs. Saunders, collector, tried in the United States Circuit Court, Western District of Tennessee," then the letter states that the case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and furthr states, "The case is not separated in the Supreme Court, etc."

This part of the letter shows that he Supreme Court has never decided hat the tax was constitutional.

In another paragraph of the same letter the Secretary said:

"Though bills for a refund of the cotton tax have been introduced in Congress from time to time, no legislation has been enacted; and the subject is one within the discretion of the Congress."

If there is no fund credited to this cotton tax collection, why does the Secretary say that the subject is yet open to Congress for action? If the money has been spent for general debts of the Government, why did the Secretary write this letter in June saying that it is still subject to action by Congress; the letter further states:

"There is enclosed herewith for your further information a statement of the tax collected on raw cotton during the fiscal years 1863 to 1868 inclusive."

This statement shows that the amount of that fund is Sixty-eight Million Seventy-two Thousand Three Hundred Eighty-eight Dollars and Ninety-nine Cents.

"Respectfully,

WM. MALBURN,

Assistant Secretary.

With this tangible evidence from the Treasury Department, yet on October 15, just four and one half 1915, it was there the day the Secretary says the money was spent for paying interests and war debts. In June the Secretary said the money was there; if it was there in June, 1915, it was there th day the Secretary gave his statement in October 15th, 1915.

Because Congress has passed no appropriation bill since June, 1915, and money once in the Treasury, can not be paid out except on the act of Congress to that end.

The Hon. Secretary was either mistaken, when he wrote the letter last June, or he is mistaken now.

We rather think he was correct in what he wrote last June, because at that time there was no suit filed against him, and he was writing as an official giving information, while when he wrote the statement in October, 1915, he was writing as a defendant in a lawsuit; and as in all cases, a defendant never thinks that the plaintiff has any case against him.

This statement from the claimants is given out, because the statement sent out by the Hon. Secretary, seeks to, and does allege fraud and absurdity on motives of these plaintiffs; because only persons who feel that they are claimants under the terms of the bill in chancery as filed, are permitted to contribute to the expense fund; And, the fact that people believe they have a right to relief in court, the paying the necessary expenses for its orderly prosecution, and the further fact that the defendant is Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, does not license him to characterize the purpose or motives of these claimants; and to do so in the unwarranted manner as shown in the inaccurate statement issued October 15th, 1915, is a matter left for the country to judge.

CORNELIUS J. JONES,
Chief Counsel.

388 1-2 Beal Street,
Memphis, Tenn.

HOMES FOR EX-SLAVES.

Some time ago we had considerable to say concerning a home for ex-slaves. We insisted that such an institution or institutions were more reasonable to be expected, and more likely to be sustained by the public than pensions for them, which was agitated by a few misguided persons.

Not that the ex-slaves were not deserving of pensions. We said at that time that no class of persons were more worthy of attention along this line than the ex-slaves. If we can think of charity in degrees this one would have been the worthiest. Language fails in ability to picture the woes of those aged ones who through no fault of their own find themselves stranded in this most agressive age, in the world's history. The eloquent lawyer at the bar would find it his utmost opportunity in picturing these unfortunates to a jury. It was Ingersoll that pictured the northern soldier in the Civil War, beginning with the memorable words: "The past rises before me like a dream." No one has memorialized the ex-slaves in the same masterly way—in song and poetry.

However, the ex-slaves have not been wholly neglected. Time and time again white women of the South, in their conventions, have declared for them in one way or the other, in recognition of what the faithful black servitors had been to them. A monument, we believe, has been erected in one of the Southern cities in memory of their valuable services.

As beautiful and touching as the action of those women in their conferences have been, nothing was done by way of giving the ex-slaves comfort, shelter, food, which they need so very much.

These aged servitors deserve pensions. But to pension them would at once arouse that other question of pay for ex-slaves. The arbitrament of war decided against one and the other—a hard fate, but one of equality.

Because there is no disposition to pension ex-slaves it is no reason that they should go hungry and without roofs over their heads. And because there is now a disposition to look after their immediate needs we cheerfully set forth what is being done along this line. In Texas a home for ex-slaves has been established. The information concerning it is as follows:

"The home for aged ex-slaves is an outgrowth of a New Year's dinner given about forty aged Negroes January 1st, this year, by John Grant.. Following the dinner a meeting was held at one of the local Negro churches and an organization was formed for the purpose of raising funds and maintaining a home of this kind. Only aged ex-slaves wil be cared for. Among the means that will be used for providing funds will be the sale of enlarged portraits of the beneficiaries, framed for hanging in the Negro churches of Harriss county."

The management of this institution should be encouraged; it should not fail as long as one ex-slave remains to enjoy its comforts. All of the Southern states should have such institutions. The Chinese reverence their foreparents in preference to the more immediate ones—their grandmothers and fathers come before their fathers and mothers. Perhaps we can not so totally reverse our nature, but we should do much more for the aged among us.

EMPLOYEES OF CITY TO HONOR OLD NEGRO

Courier 4-9-15

David Lay, an aged negro, for more than thirty years a faithful and reliable helper and rodman in the city construction department, is dead. Members of the construction department had only recently started gathering the necessary information about the old man to be sent to general council with a petition for a pension for "Uncle" David.

The funeral will be held this afternoon from Big Bethel church and a handsome floral offering has been sent by officers of the construction department as their last tribute to one of the old-time negroes of the ante-bellum type, who was one of the city's most loyal employees.

"He was always ready and willing to do his duty and always at hand to answer every call," observed one of the city officials Wednesday. "He came to the department with the late Captain W. T. B. Wilson and so far as we know he never missed a day from work until recently when his health failed."

Slavery—1915

St. Louis Republic

OCT 14 1915

'BLACK MAMMY' DAY OBSERVED

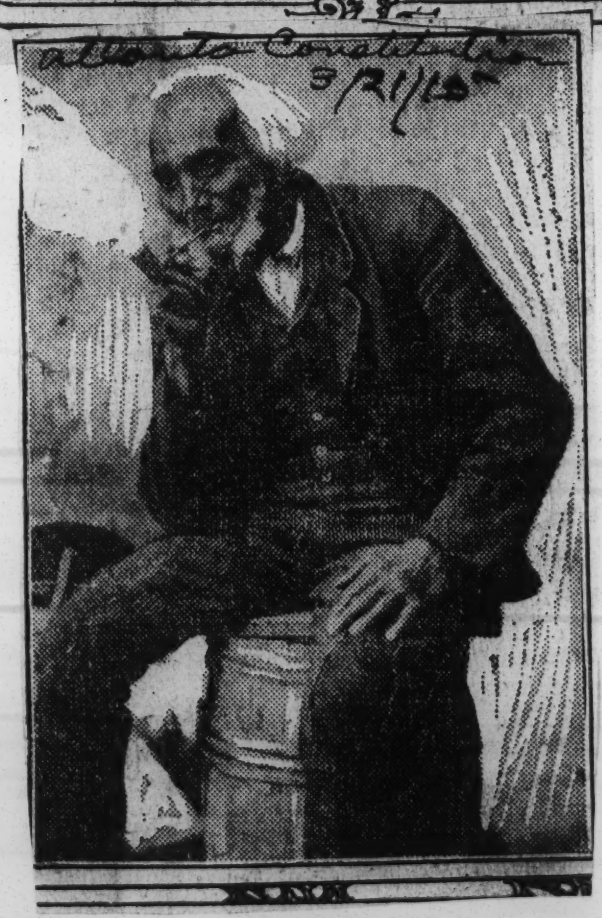
Clayton Confederate Women Dress in Styles of 1860.

The Confederate Memorial, Literary and Historical Society yesterday celebrated "Black Mammy" Day at the residence of Mrs. Frank L. Bartlett 622 Linden avenue, Clayton.

A day is annually set apart by the society in October for singing the praises of the "black mammy" of before-the-war days. Many instances in which the "black mammy" was a second mother to Southern boys and girls were given.

At the celebration each member of the society brought a guest and the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution were invited to be present.

The members of the society were dressed in the styles of 1860 and a feature of the meeting was the placing of Ophelia Robertson, a mammy of war days, at the door to greet the guests.



SCENES AT MRS. LITTLE'S PLANTATION.

Top, left: Uncle Eph; right, Mum Lizzie, age 96, and Liddie, the champion ke and muffin cooker of Dougherty county. Bottom, left: Mrs. Little receives a visit from four generations of one family, the oldest being 106 years of age; right e Henry, Mil[illegible]e Dan, and their julep.

Slavery - 1915

THE STORY OF A VISIT TO A PICTURESOUE PLANTATION IN SOUTH GEORGIA

Constitution Atlanta Ga,
3/21/15

By Isma Dooly

When it was advertised in Atlanta that a local theater would put on for several days a play entitled "Old Plantation Days," the greatest interest was aroused. The hundreds who went to see the play were people who had been born and reared in the south, but who had never seen a plantation, and who had but vague idea of the Old South life.

True, many had heard "grandfather" and "grandmother" speak of it, and they had often gone to sleep and dreamed they heard the music "grandmother" described as coming from the old servants' quarters, when Uncle "Eph" taught the younger darkies how to play the banjo tunes. "Mother" and "father" had told the younger generation the story as they heard it of the old plantation, but the average little southerner of today thinks of an old black "mammy"—the type his "daddy" speaks of—as he does the "Mother Goose" rhymes that are read to him, or the story of "Cinderella."

LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Fortunately, the story of the old plantation has been put into literature in the part Joel Chandler Harris has contributed; in the charming stories of Thomas Nelson Page, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Harry Stillwell Edwards and others, and in the songs of Howard Wheeden and Henry Harman.

Too rapidly "Father Time" is taking from our writers the types which for many years after the war inspired the story of the ante-bellum negro, whom the southern white man, charged with his most precious possessions—his wife and children and aged mother, when he put on the soldier's suit of gray, and went forth to fight for the confederate cause. It was "black mammy" and his love for her that prompted one of the most dramatic utterances of the late Henry Grady when addressing an audience in New England he stressed the relation of the white man of the south to his negro dependent. It is the thought of the faithful negro slave, who served him long and faithfully even after the war, that brings the quickest tear to the reminiscent old man passing his last days now, in fond memory of the days when he fought with Lee at Gettysburg.

Incidents of plantation days as they were and have been handed down may still fire the imagination of the southern writer to keep the theme alive, but that, without the living inspiration, will fail to produce the real romance of old plantation days.

All that is really left now in Georgia of the original types are those few still living as tenants on the plantations in central and south Georgia, many of them divided, and changed in ownership, with the only tradition of the older times preserved in the negroes called now, that they are too old to work, "retainers."

And be it said of these retainers that when the old hands are too cramped or weak to work the plow, or "hold in," the one mule of the little farm, they busy themselves with other things. The old men, as well as the old women, wait on the sick, cook and nurse the babies. They are the entertainers, too. They tell the stories of their glorious past when "Massa went to town" in the old coach with the "niggers" driving the cotton wagons behind; and when "missus" every Sunday morning taught the "niggers," one and all, lessons from the "Good Book."

It was my pleasure, recently to visit a plantation in south Georgia, "Oakland" (owned now by Mr. and Mrs. John Little, of Atlanta), where several of these typical lovable old darkies live, preserving the traditions as none others can of the old plantation, the story of which will be cherished by generations in the south yet unborn.

IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

We made the trip in an automobile in less than a day's time, leaving Atlanta at 8 o'clock in the morning. The poorest parts of the road were between Atlanta and Griffin, and Griffin and Macon. After that it was one panorama of beauty along the smoothest of roads, flanked by the richest lands.

My hostess told me that since automobiles had become more numerous the little houses nearest the roads in the country had taken on fresh paint; she had noticed parked places in the towns, where horses and wagons had formerly been hitched, and that where formerly women would stick their heads out of the door to see the passers-by, they now had porch furniture and sat outside. The better roads had made it possible for the neighbors to visit more, and the school houses, she said, were better and more of the children went to school. Below Montezuma we stopped in a beautiful woody place to eat our luncheon. It was the hour when a near-by school was over for the day, and I was impressed with the happiness and cleanliness of the children. First, the white children passed us, with hospitable salutations. Later the little negroes came along, their smiles inviting us not to throw away anything we had left of the luncheon.

THE ENVIRONMENT.

It was in late October and I remember marveling at the air of prosperity I saw everywhere, though the cry of hard times had been heard. Nearing Leesburg, Ga., the trees near the roads began to show their graceful hangings of gray moss; the cotton fields seemed to be closing in on us, and as I looked ahead, I could see only the great carpet of white reaching out on the land on each side of the road as far as my eye could reach. It was Saturday afternoon and we met the wagons coming from Leesburg and Albany, bearing home the tenant farmers and their families after leaving their cotton bales in town, and bringing home provisions and clothes.

Leesburg is a little town, though there was much activity on the public square. Mr. Little stopped to buy tobacco for a number of his friends, the colored "retainers" on the plantation, and showed me a long suspiciously-shaped bottle which he told me was "tonic" he was taking "Uncle Henry Harris," age 92, who, whenever the white folks arrived at the big house on the plantation, developed a "misery in his side" that this particular tonic cured.

Albany, Georgia, has the richest of environments in the plantations that mark the approach to the city, with the pecan groves marking, with their fruit-laden trees in the fall, the real walls of the city. Many plantations that have furnished history and romance to the stories of ante-bellum life are still preserved in their mode of production, and bear the same old names, though their owners have changed. The two that I had the pleasure of seeing are still known as the "Mohun" and "Jordan" plantations, the former now owned by Mr. William Davis, of Atlanta, and the latter by Mrs. John Little, of Atlanta.

MY IMPRESSIONS.

My impressions in their simplicity may surprise those who have been fortunate enough to know plantation life by being near it during and since the war.

Born and reared in Atlanta, and never having feasted my eyes on pastoral scenery except as it seems to fly by me, as I ride on the train, and never having been anywhere beyond the reach of the railroad whistle, the town milk wagon, and the morning newspaper boys, I must be forgiven if I comment on the strangeness of stillness; the curious ways of birds in the early morning, and for dropping little silent tears, I knew not why, when I heard those strange minor notes, which came at night, from the banjos of the darkies in the nearest tenant house.

From Leesburg we drove out seven miles over roads winding in and out through cotton lands, and arrived at "Oakland," the largest of the Jordan plantations, in time for supper. And "Oakland" is the right name. Massive patriarchal oaks spread their arms over the "big house," which is a comfortable bungalow now with the old house the heart of it, preserving the story of the past riches of the plantation, its wonderful living, and the romances of the people who lived and visited there.

Big log fires burned everywhere, and in the sitting-room, where we stopped for a julep, there was the quaintest of old pianos. I knew that if its keys could be inspired by some spirit of the past they would sound notes to accompany songs ladies sang when the favorites were "Kathleen Mavourneen," the "Last Rose of Summer" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." It seemed a desecration when later a modern music box was pushed up against the pretentious looking old piano, and we danced to the latest piece of "one-step" music! The wide open fireplace with its mantel and old-fashioned ornaments proclaimed the dignity of the olden time, and the front door, opened, showed the old brass knocker that has been there since gentlemen traveled in coaches and brought their servants with them.

The good things served for supper made the eye curiously wander into the butler's pantry and store room beyond, where preserves and jellies and pickles suggested the presence in the kitchen of one of the few left of the type of southern cooks who, fifty years ago, made entertainment in the south famous.

ENTER "LIDDIE," A TYPE.

Now "Liddie" is comparatively young, but she learned from a mother who was taught in the best of all industrial institutions the negro has yet had, the kitchen of the old south. She is an artist in her line, and she feels it. She has a dignity. She knows she occupies an important place not only in the house, but on the plantation and in Dougherty county. This "Liddie," it is said, would accept a challenge from any cook in the country in the making of corn muffins, waffles and corn cakes, old-fashioned pound cake, potato cakes, pies and custards, the like of which Mr. Delmonico, Mr. Sherry, or any other Metropolitan connoisseur of all that is good, have never known.

The Menu.

Above all, "Liddie" fries chicken as our cooks used to do! She makes that cream gravy we remember we had as children, and she broiled chickens, birds and fish, in the same expert manner. She did not mind beating the mayonnaise for her salads, and she would scorn the very suggestion, if she knew that in town, some people made chicken salad of canned meat, and served "bottled dressing" for sliced tomatoes.

But why didn't I get some of the recipes from "Liddie?" Now, therein lies one of the traditions of all the good cooks in that vicinity. They would not give you one of their recipes to save your life! That is true. They will be perfectly civil about it. They will tell you, "Why, if you like the muffins, I will make some again tomorrow. If you like the cake I will send you one to Atlanta!"

"Yessum, I just use eggs and butter and flour and flavorin'," but nobody is clever enough to get away with what their real trick of the "mixin'" is. "Missus" is welcome to the kitchen—yes—but they let "missus" get through with teaching them what she knows, but not even to her are they going to give away all the tricks of the trade in "mixin'" that pound cake dough, or the particular turn of the corn cakes!

"Liddie," while occupyir the honored office of cook at the "big house," and caretaker, is a kind of historian of the tenant darkies on the plantation. She knows them all and knows their ages. She prides herself on standing in with the older element, because she knows they represent the real colored aristocracy of the past. She designates them according to their rank. For instance, when she spoke of "Uncle Henry Harris," it was as the "old gentleman getting feeble now." When one as old but less superior was referred to, she would say, "Yes, ma'm, old man Blank is still livin'! They say he used to beat his wife, but I dunno' whether he do it or not now."

It would be unkind to dwell longer upon the subject of the daily living at "Oakland," during this Lenten time; to talk about the cream which came with the cereal at breakfast; the butter fresh from the churn, or the cottage cheese "Liddie" could produce with her marvelous dairy products!

VISIT OF THE OLD DARKIES.

Saturday night Mrs. Little received the message that "Uncle Henry Harris," his wife, "Milly Dan" (Mildred Ann), age 86; her father called just "grandpa" by everybody, and 106 years old, wanted to see her on particular business! She sent word that "not only would she be glad to see them, but that she would send the car for them, and to put in all the family that could get in, and not to scratch the car with their feet nor finger the cushions."

When I went upstairs to my room that night there was the soft light over everything of a moon on the wane I could see the clean, whitewashed fence with the trunks of the oak trees standing black against it, and the branches making shadows. All was stillness within, except an occasional whimper from the "town pet dog," who resented even in his dreams the deer-heads and other trophies of the hunt he had seen in the hall. To the music of a banjo, which seemed far distant, I went to sleep.

The Chanticleer Call.

Rostand never heard his "Chanticleer" sound sweeter notes than the "cock o' the walk at Oakland," as he awakened the barnyard tribe. The birds twittered their morning songs. But the notes I heard that puzzled me were those of a human voice. It was low and sometimes uncanny, then it crooned and was sad, and then it was soothing, and approached sweetness.

I drew my curtains, and on the white sandy walk beneath I beheld the blackest old woman I have ever seen. She wore a bright red calico dress, caught up in a corded belt on one side showing her bare limbs and feet. A tuft of gray woolly hair escaped from a white head-handkerchief. Her body was stooped, but there was strength in the sweep she gave the ground now and then with a young branch cut from the nearest tree. Her face was welted

rather than lined, and her eyes seemed all white as she rolled them up at the window where I stood.

She was "Mum" Lizzie. I had heard of her as one of the "retainers," and aged 96. She scorned a homo with any of the tenants, but lived on "the place," and believed herself the only really responsible one there. She represented traditions, superstitions, and the wreck of old age.

When she worked, she talks and mutters to herself. The birds in the trees she believes are the voices of her children that she lost when they were small, and when a bird note pleases her, she will look up toward the tree and almost crooningly ask: "Is that you Rosey? Come down here!"

A WEIRD PERSONALITY.

When there is no response, she is angry. Though she has all the talent for gossip accredited to both sexes now, and seems to hear what goes on even when she is asleep, she is not sociable in spirit as the average darkey is. If a stranger pleases her, she will look searchingly in her face, and ask, "Is you Miss Mary, my young missus? I ain't seen her in seventy years—since I polished brasses for her in the big house with all the rooms." She does not know which of the several plantations she was born on, having wandered from the "Mohun" plantation to "Oakland" many years ago. At times, however, her memory is revived by a visit from some of the older darkies, and she will become reminiscent and tell how she, too, remembers that when "Massa" went to town he rode in the coach in front, and as many as forty wagons with four mules hitched to each of them would make the trip to town with the cotton bales.

Her specialty is polishing brasses, and even now when the old arms are not too rheumatic, she can bring a polish to the andirons that none of the younger darkies can.

Her fortune consists not particularly in quilts, but in dress patterns of red calico—she never wears anything else; head-handkerchiefs, and money hid in corners of an old trunk. She prefers tobacco to anything else as a gift, and drinks a pint bucket of coffee every morning of her life. And it must come in the bucket. She orders what she wants to eat, and if "Liddie" doesn't give her what she wants she knows how to report to the young missus. At Christmas time the "missus," and no one else, must mix her eggnog for her. Her dress is always open in front almost to her waist, her black skin weather beaten, but she never seems to take cold or feel cold. She is a very part of mother earth, and she is appiest when wandering about the rd with the branch of the young tree eeping now and then when it suits . She had to be coaxed by Liddie have her picture taken, and then it only that she might help "Liddie" feed the chickens, and feel her importance in that office.

THE PICTURES TAKEN.

Though no one remembered having told it outside of the house that a photographer was coming from Albany to take pictures of the older darkies Monday morning, the news had mysteriously spread, and the purpose of the pictures almost spoiled. The younger darkies, instead of in work clothes, came dressed like honor graduates from Tuskegee institute. Two young ones who had saved $60 on hogs last year and were digging up for "Missus'" winter garden, looked like chauffeurs just off a town machine, and "Son" Jenkins, the prize farmer of the younger tenant group, wore an outfit that might have been tailor made.

"They were ruled out of the group," but not so with the company in the automobile driving up at 8:30 sharp. These were representatives of four generations of one negro family. They were thrilled into a deep silence by the delight of riding in the machine.

There was "grandpa," his black face hung with a white beard, a white muffler framing it, and his white hair showing beneath his old hat. "His years" was so bad he "couldn't hear at all," the "missus" was told, and "it wan't no use even to holler to him." "He's 106," said "Milly Dan," his daughter, who remembers back seventy years when she married "Henry Harris." "Grandpa," it seemed to me, never moved a muscle nor batted an eye, but stood as near the automobile as possible, lest he fail to get in in time to ride back. The younger members of the group were dressed in gaily flowered calicoes, and their white stockings had big blue dots on them. Just where they got the idea of the headgear was hard to tell. Over their kinky heads they wore tulle caps in black, trimmed in light blue ribbons, huge bows of the ribbon on each side, and little "Milly Dan" wore rhinestone earrings nearly two inches long.

The moment she arrived, her eyes became fixed on the green corduroy sport coat of the "Missus," and the white hat with the green band on it. When she could stand it no longer, she walked up behind and slyly rubbed her black hand on the coat as if to see what it was, anyway. Then she gave a long, loving look at the white hat, went to her "maw" and talked about it; then her sister, and evidently felt that after all her tulle cap with the bow was not the thing the "Missus" wore.

While "Liddie" condescendingly served tea cakes and lemonade, "Uncle Henry" mysteriously told a secret, which was this: As times were hard and the cotton wasn't sold, wouldn't the "missus" stock a coca-cola stand for him at Jordan's church the first Sunday of every month? He had calculated that with "Grandpa" and "Milly Dan," and some of the younger ones helping, he could conduct a good business once a month and make up for the lapse in cotton sale.

In vain did the "missus" try to persuade him that he might be suspected of selling other things.

"You know, this is a law-abiding state and section," she warned.

"Uncle Henry" was almost disconsolate until the "missus" handed him a glass different to that the others had. He recognized the odor of the mint bouquet, and was about to raise it to his lips when he caught sight of his aged spouse next him. Then, making a chivalrous bow with his stooping old body, he offered the glass to "Milly Dan," and said, with Chesterfieldian air: "A'ter you, 'Milly Dan.'"

THEY ALL RIDE AWAY.

The automobile began to make ready for the journey back to the little whitewashed tenant house, about a mile off, and the three old darkies waving a grateful adieu, had had their first and probably their last ride in the "Young Missus'" automobile.

The incident of the pictures was plantation talk for days, and when they were finished and sent home the next day, we stood round like so many children to see what "Mum" Lizzie would say of hers.

"She won't know it," "Liddie" said, but that was a mistake. The moment she saw it, she said with satisfied precision, "Dat's me."

The great oaks in all their beauty, the comfortable, quaint old house, the luxurious living, the old-fashioned flower garden in its charm of lavender and rose-covered lattices, may always remain.

But when "Mum Lizzie," "Uncle Henry," "Grandpa," and "Milly Dan" pass with the notes some day soon of a sweet plantation melody, they will take with them, never to be returned, a most picturesque element of old-south life, which has given its afterglow to the last fifty years of the new south—and left with southern men and women forever the tenderest of memories.

Slavery—1915

NOTED COLORED CHURCHMAN HERE

Bishop Holsey of C. M. E. Connection Filled Three Engagements Sunday

Norfolk was favored Sunday with a visit from one of the most distinguished churchmen of the colored race in the person of Bishop L. H. Holsey, senior bishop of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, who was here to dedicate St. Luke's Church, at the corner of St. Paul and Scott streets, which recently joined the C. M. E. Connection. Bishop Holsey preached to large congregations at both the morning and night services and addressed a large audience of men at the Y.M.C.A. at 4:30 p.m.

Bishop Holsey is over 70 years old, but acts and appears like a man much younger. As a speaker he is vigorous and forcible and impresses one as having a mind unusually virile for one of his age. In his address Sunday afternoon he gave many reminiscences of his boyhood days, when he was a slave in Georgia. As a relic of slavery days he exhibited a "pass" written in his master's hand, which reads as follows:

"Sparta, Ga., Nov. 22, 1860.

"The boy Lucius has leave to go from this place by stage to Millidgeville, thence by Millidgeville, Gordon and Central railroad to Macon, thence by S. W. railroad to Cuthbert, Randolph County, Ga., to the residence of Mr. Henry L. Taylor, and after stopping there two weeks he is to return by the same route. Any person helping him on his way will oblige,

"R. M. JOHNSTON."

While here Bishop Holsey was the guest of Rev. J. A. Handy, D. D., pastor of St. Luke's and presiding elder of the Norfolk district at the C. M. E. parsonage in Scott street.

DR. S. F. COPPAGE.

Member Board of Trustees and Chairman Canvassing Committee Tidewater Colored Hospital Association, Inc.

Philadelphia Public Ledger

May 1915

SOUTH STILL HONORS "OLD-TIME" NEGRO

New Aspect of the Race Question Seen in His Passing

By a Staff Correspondent

ATLANTA, Ga., May 1.—Last week in Augusta, Ga., when an old negro who had been janitor of the Augusta City Hall for a half century died, the Mayor and Council acted as pallbearers and virtually all ex-officials of the city attended the funeral. It has been only a short while since the custodian of the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, an aged negro who had been in the employ of the church almost since its organization, died, and his pallbearers were the officers of the church.

Hardly a week passes now without the publication in Southern newspapers of such occasions as these, marking the passing of one of the most beloved and picturesque aypes in Dixie—the old ante-bellum negro.

There are only few of the genuine ante-bellum negroes left, and they are fast passing. In a few more years the "Uncle Remus," about whom Joel Chandler Harris wrote, and the old negro "mammy," so dear to the heart of the Southerner of other days, will be no more.

No better instance of the ties of real affection which existed between this type of negro and the white people of the South can be found than that which took place last week in Raleigh, N. C., at the funeral of Colonel A. B. Andrews, vice president of the Southern Railway, when his body was borne to the grave by the negro servants who had been faithful to him through virtually all his life.

The passing of the ante-bellum negro marks the passing of an era, if not of a civilization, and presents a new problem to the South. This problem is the building of a civilization which will recognize equally a bi-racial population, and at the same time preserve the purity of the two elements.

Just what this problem means was expressed in the address of Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, in his speech last week before the Southern Conference for Education and Industry at Chattanooga, Tenn. He said:

We must learn to adapt ourselves better to the demands of a new era of co-operative citizenship, of the voluntary surrender of individual customs, rights and liberties for the sake of greater social justice, social happiness and social efficiency.

Against the barriers of inherited caste spirit and the bi-racial character of our population we must in the next generation convert our theoretical Fourth of July democracy into a working social program; must outgrow the feeling that a fixed "lower class" is either necessary or desirable; that an abundant supply of cheap and inefficient labor is an economic advantage, and that education ruins the laboring classes, whether white or black.

OLD MISSISSIPPI SLAVE DIES AT AGE OF 115

Special to The Advertiser.

MERIDIAN, MISS., March 4.—Celia Watts, said to be aged 115 years, born in 1800, formerly a slave of the Watts family of Newton County, died here Monday and was buried Tuesday in the family cemetery.

Those who knew the old woman said her memory was good, and she often recited tales of years ago. She died at Complete, which was formerly called Rose Hill. She has lived in Lauderdale County for thirty-five years, having come here from Hickory. She is said to have been quite active.

NEGRO CONFEDERATE BURIED WITH HONORS

Little Rock, Ark., October 18.—"Major" Stone, said to be the only negro member of the United Confederate Veterans organization, was given a full military funeral at Batesville yesterday. The "Major" died Friday.

When Company K, of the Arkansas rifles, was organized, Jeff Stone joined it. With Stone was a negro servant called "Major." Stone was promoted to a captaincy, but at the battle of Chickamauga was killed. Through a rain of bullets, risking death at every step, the negro carried his master's body into the confederate lines. For this act he was permitted to join the Batesville camp.

Washington Star

NOV 19 1915

CLAIMS OF COLORED MEN DISMISSED BY THE COURT

Plaintiffs Sought to Establish Lien on Alleged Treasury Fund From Cotton-Picking Revenues.

Justice McCoy of the District Supreme Court today dismissed an amended bill of complaint filed by H. N. Johnson of Louisiana and other colored men against Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department. The plaintiffs sought to establish a lien for themselves and the descendants of former slaves on an alleged fund of $68,072,388.99 said to have been collected by internal revenue officers on the cotton picked and prepared for the market through the involuntary services of their ancestors, as slaves.

Secretary McAdoo, through United States Attorney Laskey and Assistant United States Attorney Archer, moved to quash the proceeding on the grounds that Mr. McAdoo had no personal interest in the fund in question, and that the proceeding was an attempt to sue the United States for property in its possession. If the plaintiffs had any right, the defendant claimed, they had lost it by delaying too long their effort to establish it.

"Crawford, Frazer & Co., Atlanta, Ga., Negro Brokers."

There are many curious old woodprints of the slaves and slave brokers. When the slaves were placed on sale at auction, according to the prints, they were garbed in full dress suits, standing collars and high silk hats. This regalia was lent to them just during the formalities of the sale.

One of the famous slave pits was in the west end of Alexandria, Va., and was known as Bruin & Hill's jail. The proprietors of this establishment were repeatedly charged with being "fences"—a sort of clearing-house for stolen slaves. And the practice of stealing slaves was a very popular and profitable pastime, if some of the articles contained in the collection are to be relied upon.

A curious old appraisal statement, dated 1772, gives the following estimated values of slaves:

"Sam, 55 pounds; Frank, 45 pounds; Rachael, 50 pounds."

The collection includes a check for $7,500 in payment for one slave.

Among the other interesting pieces in the collection are sworn certificates for free negroes, the original printed Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln's proclamation concerning his intention to free the slaves to Jan. 1, 1863, original deeds of sale of slaves and contemporary pictures of slave life and customs.

NEGRO BODY SERVANT OF SOUTHERN SOLDIER DIES

Advertiser 8-5-15

Aaron Nixon Passes Away Here in His Seventy-sixth Year—Served Throughout War.

Another link that bound the hurrying, feverish, restless present with the dignified restfulness and peacefulness of the Old South was broken when Aaron Nixon died Wednesday night.

In the days of long ago Aaron belonged to Dr. Rush Jones and when the son of the doctor—young Rush Jones—went out to help defend the Southland, Aaron went with him as his body servant. Mr. Jones was a member of the First Alabama Cavalry which was in Wheeler's brigade, first in the regiment of Colonel Lomax and afterwards under Col. David Blakey. Aaron served throughout the bitter struggle with Mr. Jones, watching over his young "marster" with the self-sacrificing devotion characteristic of the ante-bellum family servants. He was 75 years old when he died.

Columbia, S. C.

MAY 29 1915

WOULD HONOR SLAVES WITH MONUMENT

(Associated Press Dispatch)

Mobile, Ala., May 29.—Erection of a monument to the memory of the faithful negro slaves of the south will be recommended to the United Confederate Veterans at the annual convention of that organization in Richmond, Va., next week. The resolution containing the recommendation will be presented by members of Raphael Semmes camp of this city.

New York Globe

October 1915

'AUNTIE' GIBBS, AGED 137, DIES IN MEMPHIS

MEMPHIS, Texas, Oct. 8.—"Auntie" Mahaley Gibbs, 137 years old, according to city health statistics, is dead here. She is said to have been the oldest Negress in the United States.

Her granddaughter, with whom she lived and who is more than seventy years old, said she had often heard the old woman speak of the Indian wars, the war of 1812, and events since that date.

Clipping from
NASHVILLE TENN
Banner

MAY 29 1915

MONUMENT FOR OLD NEGRO SLAVES

Mobile Camp, U. C. V., Has Proposal to Lay Before Richmond Reunion.

By Associated Press.

Mobile, Ala., May 29.—When the annual reunion of United Confederate Veterans is convened at Richmond, Va., next Tuesday the organization will have presented for consideration a resolution from Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., asking that steps be taken to erect a monument in memory of the old negro slaves of the South.

NEW YORK CALL

12 December 1915

.D WOMAN DIE RIPE AGE OF 114

s Day Would Have Been 5th Birthday of Mrs. Susan Gillis.

Mrs. Susan Gillis, colored, 114, died yesterday at her home, 571 Classon avenue. Christmas would have been her 115th birthday.

With her three daughters lived—Mrs Julia Thomas, 84; Mrs. Lizzie Mason ad Miss Lucy, who is blind.

She was born a slave on the plantation of John Peterson, in 1800, according to a record book of the births, leaths and sales of slaves who escaped destruction when Grant's army burned the Peterson mansion during the attack on Petersburg, Va.

legro, 100 Years Old, Has Learned Hundreds Of Passages in Bible

One hundred years old and still hale and hearty is William Chandler, one of the few surviving negroes of antebellum days. He makes his home at Buford, and has resided there since 1882, going there from Atlanta, where he made his home for several years.

WILLIAM CHANDLER.

He says he was born in 1815 and can prove it.

"Uncle" William remembers when the stars fell in 1832 and narrates in an interesting manner how the people thought the judgment day had come; how the slaves—he was a slave in Virginia at that time—thought it was the wrath of God on their masters.

During the war between the states "Uncle" William went with his master to the front, and he takes delight in telling how he helped throw up breastworks along with members of the confederate army.

For the past few years "Uncle" William, though unable to read or write, has learned hundreds of passages from the Bible and he spends a good portion of his time quoting the Scripture to his friends.

"Uncle" William, in the accompanying picture, is wearing a pair of trousers woven in 1865, fifty years ago, by the mother of D. F. Verner, of Marietta, with whom the old negro lived sixteen years. The trousers are still in a good state of preservation and the present owner is very proud of them.

MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF AUGUSTA ATTEND FUNERAL OF NEGRO

Constitution 4-26-15

Augusta, Ga., April 25.—Probably the first time in the south, certainly the first time in Augusta, the mayor and city council, in a body, attended the funeral of a negro servant here today in their official capacity, under a proclamation of the mayor.

The call was issued by Mayor L. C. Hayne yesterday for council to attend the funeral today of "Bob" Young, who for the past fifty-one consecutive years has been janitor for the mayor's office and the city council. With few exceptions the entire councilmanic body, many of the municipal officers and two ex-mayors attended the old negro's funeral.

NEW YORK EVENING POST

15 October 19..

NO FUND FOR EX-SLAVES.

Treasury Department Denies It Has $68,000,000 to Give Away.

WASHINGTON, October 15.—The Treasury Department to-day issued a statement denying that it holds a fund of $68,000,000 or any other sum, for ex-slaves or their heirs, or for other persons, who worked in the cotton fields during the Civil War, and the years just preceding and following that conflict.

The statement calls attention to a suit brought in the District of Columbia Supreme Court against Secretary McAdoo to have this sum paid to claimants who helped to pick cotton on which the $68,000,000, was assessed as an internal revenue tax. The Treasury statement says the Government's right to collect this tax was determined years ago by the courts, and says that even if the ex-slaves had any claim it would be against their masters, and they would have no recourse at this late date against such masters. It points out also that the suit begun here is against the Secretary of the Treasury, and is treated as an action against the Government itself, and that the usual fate of such suits is to be thrown out of court because of lack of jurisdiction.

It contains a warning that persons who contribute to any fund for prosecuting such a suit are throwing their money away.

Columbia, S. C.
State
APR 27 1915

ASKS FOR PENSION

Aged Negro Says He Followed Hampton to War.

"Yes, sir, I follow him; I clean his guns," said Sam Howell, a negro, 85 years old, living in Waverley, as he hobbled into the comptroller general's office. Sam went to the State house to urge his claim for a pension, because, he said, he followed Gen. Wade Hampton in the war. The old negro was requested to secure the necessary papers proving his service. His mind was hazy as to Gen. Hampton. He did not remember the name of Gen. Hampton's horse.

EX-SLAVE DIES AT 118

The New York Herald

Inmate of Harriet Tubman Home at Auburn Reaches Great Age.

Auburn, N. Y., May 27.—Winifred Johnson, an inmate of the Harriet Tubman Home for Aged Negro Women here, died to-day at the age of 113 years. She was born in slavery in Winchester, Va.

Philadelphia Inquirer

19 October 19

No Federal Negro Funds

Every once in a while someone starts the rumor that there is an enormous sum in the Treasury of the country for the benefit of the ex-slaves. Generally, this is the work of rascally schemers who are trying to get money for pushing these alleged claims. The latest is a movement to secure more than $60,000,000 for former slaves from funds now in the Treasury. There is no such fund and never was.

Occasionally some rascals try to collect money from negroes to get appropriations from Congress to pay depositors in the Freedman's Bank, which failed more than forty years ago. It was not a national institution and it has no claim on Congress, but this does not prevent the spread of rumors to that effect. Just after the war scoundrels made money by going through the South selling four painted posts to negroes for whatever they could bring, assuring them that with these they could stake out forty acres of land anywhere and get a mule into the bargain.

All such proposals are on a par with the claim of the heirs of Anneke Jans, so often exploited to the loss of claimants, and have also some of the features of the "Spanish prisoner" fraud which has been worked successfully for a generation.

It is a very fine idea to get something for nothing, but it seldom works out successfully. It is only necessary to warn all ignorant and suspecting persons that Uncle Sam has no unpaid bills to slaves on account of the war and investing in such claims is certainly to be dead loss.

N. Y. Town Topics
15 July 1915

OLE LYMUS WALLACE, eighty-two years of age, totally blind, born a slave, freed by the Emancipation Proclamation, and now a prosperous citizen of Memphis, is managing a campaign to raise $25,000 to build a Home for the mammies and uncles, ex-slaves of the South, who are too aged to work and who deserve the tenderest consideration on account of their excellent conduct during the Civil War. No real Southern man can keep his hands out of his pockets when he reads this appeal, and there are thousands of Southerners in New York who can well afford liberal donations. But I want Northern men, also, to contribute. All Americans were slaveholders once. The North abolished slavery, not from any high, moral motive, but because it did not pay any longer in competition with immigration and machinery. Many Northern men now living had negro mammies to nurse them and negro uncles to take care of them. The sum that Mr. Wallace asks is so small that it ought to be collected in a week. Send cheques to him at No. 613 South Lauderdale street, Memphis.

4-16-15.

File Blanes Negro 1915

April 16, 1915.

Mrs. George W. Allen,

Box 52

Hazlewood, Ohio.

Dear Madam:

Your letter of April 11th received. I have noted with very much interest your inquiry concerning who and where in the United States was the first Negro married legally to a Negro woman.

As you already know, Negroes have been in what is now the United States practically ever since the white people have lived in this section. So far as I have been able to ascertain there was marrying and giving in marriage among the Negroes from their first introduction into this country. If you will study the history of Negro slavery in the various states, especially in Virginia, North Carolina, and those states where it was first introduced, you will find that there was no time when there were not marriages among the slaves. The difficulty, however, was that the slaves did not control themselves and hence marriages made were too often not permanent in that at the whim of the master the marriage might be broken up. In most cases, the consent of the master or masters had to be obtained before the slaves could marry.

In view of your interest in this subject I am sending you under another cover a copy of the Negro Year Book and call to your attention the discussion of the Negro in Slavery on pages 112-132; also, pages 79-91.

Very truly yours,

emc

Principal.

Slavery

WILL MANUMITTING SLAVES.

Copy of will manumitting Lucy Langston, of Louisa County, Virginia, mother of John M. Langston, who later became a member of the United States House of Representatives from Virginia.

"Be it known to all whom it may concern, that I, Ralph Quarles of Louisa County, do hereby liberate, manumit, and set free my Negro slaves Lucy, a woman, and Maria a girl, daughter of said Lucy; and I do hereby renounce forever all right, jurisdiction, authority, and power, which I have, or may lawfully exercise, over the said slaves. And I do hereby declare the said slaves to be henceforward free persons, at liberty to go when and where they please, and to exercise and enjoy all the rights of free persons so far as I can authorize, or the laws of Virginia will permit; and I hereby bind myself, my heirs, executors, etc., to warrant and forever defend to the said Lucy and Maria their right to freedom, clear of the claims of all persons whatsoever. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto affixed my seal and signed my name, this first day of April one thousand eight hundred and six.

(Signed) Ralph Quarles."

Langston, John M. "From the Virginia Plantation to the National Capitol." P. 14.

Y. B. to trace

William Armstrong. 15-2 8 clear land Steel. Owner killing cousin. Owner wife ing in wife to 2 yrs in Ohio would this in war times

Over 15 in my group on Island 8 Other people Thornton Matthews had been in 8 yrs before Civil War

Tidy Dunway book from Miss. Raised here Tobacco, pers. Cotton potatoes.

Slavery — 1916

EAGLE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

OCT 23 1916

FORMER SLAVES IN CELEBRATION.

There is a curious sort of interest in the two weeks "Freedom Celebration" begun in Washington yesterday in which former slaves, the survivors of about 4,000,000 bondsmen and bondswomen, will take part.

It is now almost fifty-one years since the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution went into effect. Yet a negro man or negro woman of even sixty years of age may have memories of actual slavery conditions. Here in the North those conditions live only in plantation songs, most of them of Caucasian origin, and among readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or serious students of history. And traditions have distorted truth on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line.

It is said that several colored persons more than a hundred years old will be in the gathering in the Capital City. If their memories are good they will recall the affection of darkies for good masters, the kindliness of such masters, the humanizing effect of the old Roman Familia as reproduced in the South—scores or hundreds of slaves, with white henchmen, as well as the wife and sons and daughters of the family head, making up the family.

No doubt slavery as a whole was bad; no doubt it had occasional horrors such as Mrs. Stowe reveled in. No doubt freedom is better for blacks as for whites. We sometimes forget that the negro was not the only beneficiary of the Thirteenth Amendment. The "involuntary servitude" provision has made contract labor, peonage, a dozen forms of oppression impossible everywhere in the United States. The colonial apprenticeship system died slowly. Its end was absolutely marked by the adoption of this amendment.

HERALD

Washington, D. C.

SEP 25 1916

FORMER SLAVE OWNERS TO AID AGED NEGROES

Former masters and owners of slaves will once more give food and clothing to their one-time charges when ex-slaves now scattered over forty-two States meet in convention here October 22 to 30. Many of the ex-slaves have passed the century mark. "Uncle" Nelson Keith, who is 106 years old, will be one of the speakers. Robert Lee, once a slave of Gen. Robert E. Lee, will preach a sermon, as will John Jackson, who was once the property of "Stonewall" Jackson. Old plantation melodies will feature the sessions.

Railroads have granted excursion rates and steamboat companies will assist in bringing the old men and women at reduced rates. Former slave owners have made generous contributions. John Wilkinson, of Danville, Va., whose father owned 2,000 slaves, was the first to assist.

There will be a mass meeting tonight at the Cosmopolitan Baptist Church to formulate plans for the entertainment of the visitors.

CONSTITUTION

Atlanta, Ga.

NOV 20 1916

WILL HELP EX-SLAVES

Tag Day Is Now Planned by Negroes of Atlanta.

The colored people of Atlanta are taking great interest in the campaign to raise $3,000 for the ex-slaves and unfortunate colored people of the city and state. More than 5,000 tags have been given to the supporters of the movement. November 30 to December 4 will be general tag day. A home-coming mass meeting will be given by the supporters in the chapel of the Holmes institute Thanksgiving night, and reports will be made by the solicitors and a concert given by the students of the Holmes institute. Professor B. R. Holmes, president Holmes institute and manager of the campaign committee of the ex-slave movement, in addressing an Atlanta audience in the Cosmopolitan African Methodist Episcopal church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, declared that "there are more colored people suffering for fuel and provision and unable to pay house rent than ever known in the history of the race." Rev. S. G. Means, pastor, advised the colored people to support the Holmes institute.

Slavery—1917

The Old Black Mammy

James Calloway in Macon Telegraph.

What Bridges Smith had to say about the "Old Black Mammy" in The Telegraph of December 8 recalls to mind that Washington Irving in his Bracebridge Hall devoted a chapter to "Family Servants." Irving loved the old family servants who he said "are linked with the home of our heart, who have been the confidant of our boyish cares and schemes and enterprises, who has hailed us as we came home at vacation and been the promoters of all our holiday sports, who when we, in wandering manhood left the paternal roof, and only return thither at intervals, will welcome us with a joy inferior only to that of our parents."

This is a true picture of the old-time "black mammy" of days past and gone. And with those days passed the old mammy. Yet a few are still living—allowed to live on by a kind providence that the new generation may know what a sure-enough, genuine old black mammy was to the old Southern home.

The old "black mammy" was certainly a character in the Southern home. When General John B. Gordon was Governor of Georgia, he tendered a reception to President Grover Cleveland. The guests had gathered. "Mr. President," said Governor Gordon, "would you like to see a sure-enough old-time Southern black mammy?"

"I certainly would," replied Mr. Cleveland.

Governor Gordon called Bob, the butler and told him to take the carriage out to Edgewood and bring his "old mammy" in to meet the President. Bob returned, but no "mammy." The Governor espied Bob peering in at the door in a broad grin.

"Walk right in," said Governor Gordon, "and tell the President what 'Mammy' said." Bob hesitated to tell. "Speak out," said the Governor, "and tell the President exactly what message mammy sent me."

"Mammy say: 'You tell Marse John it too late fer me to fix up, an more 'an dat, seeing "quality" is nothing to me. I've been used to "quality" all my born days. The President's folks warn't no such "quality" as my folks, nohow.'"

President Cleveland enjoyed the message and he and Governor Gordon and the guests laughed heartily over the message and independence of "old mammy."

Still Nursing.

"Aunt Tenny," as she is called, was a family servant of the Gatewoods of Putnam county. She nursed the late Any D. Gatewood when he was a baby, and when he became a man and settled in Sumter county, "Aunt Tenny" was still his nurse—his family servant who never left his home, but still resides there, cared for by his two sons, Furlow and Dudley Gatewood.

While in Americus, Dudley Gatewood took Mrs. Frank Jones and myself in his automobile out to his farm to see "Aunt Tenny." "Aunt Tenny," now 91 years of age, lives in a comfortable house in the yard. The afternoon was chilly, but she had a bright fire, giving her home a cheerful aspect. Aunt Tenny is quite spry, and moves about with ease. She gave us a cordial welcome, and her very manner and countenance expressed her joy—for she considered her visitors a part of the family. She had photographs of all the Gatewood and Furlow kin—the little ones and the grown ones—which she showed with so much pride and affection, and she knew every one by name. Aunt Tenny still keeps up her custom of making gingercakes and persimmon beer, the latter not under the ban as yet, and the grandchildren delight to go out and see Aunt Tenny.

Aunt Tenny has a distinct individuality and loves to talk of "Any" Gatewood and Miss Hallie—his wife. Said she: "There never was a better woman than Miss Hallie. She was so good to me, but her sons are just like her; they supply me with everything I want and make my life pleasant and comfortable."

The Gatewood home was the rallying place of the young people of Americus, and never was a more charming hostess than Mrs. Hallie Furlow Gatewood. In all this "Aunt Tenny" took joyous part." No hour was too late and none too early for her to do a kindness.

Bridges Smith said: "The 'old black mammy' as we knew and loved her, are all dead and we shall never look upon her like again." But one still lives, and when this one dies, flowers will be placed upon her grave and tears dropped upon her tomb.

At the colored fair in Macon some years ago it was arranged to set apart an afternoon for the old ex-slaves. Quite a number gathered, and Governor Nat Harris and Dr. W. L. Pickard addressed them. Their tributes were tender and touched a responsive chord. One could see the old negroes enjoyed the recollections of former days and gave evidences of appreciation. Numbers of old "black mammies" were in the audience and tears filled their eyes as the speakers told of their loyalty and faithfulness, and that the sons of the old "masters" held the old mammies in affectionate remembrance.

These old ties would never have been broken had not reconstruction played its part. Emancipation did not do it; it was "reconstruction" and the Freedmen's Bureaux." These did all that ingenuity could devise to detach the negroes from their old "white folks." Reconstruction was a great curse to both races.

WHITE MAN NAMED FOR SLAVE.

The Louisville News

There is nothing out of the ordinary for a Colored man to be named for or after a white man, but it is way out of the ordinary for a white man to be named for or after a Colored man especially his father's slave. But according to W. R. Jones, of Yellville, Ark., that was done. Mr. Jones, writing in the Courier-Journal, of June 26th, wants to locate the "Kentucky Statons", of which family his own is a branch. He thinks the family so historical and interesting as to merit writing a book about. So in getting a line on the Statons he tells of one Negro Pete, a slave owned by the North Carolina Statons. Negro Pete, according to Mr. Jones, was a bear. He defended the women and children while the men folks were away and did many great deeds of valor and bravery, risking his life oft and frequently for the white folks. On occasion he saved all the children from an Indian attack and particularly was he instrumental in saving the life of an infant boy—evidently so young no name had been given him at the time. So in recognition of Negro Pete's services the infant Staton was named Peter. And so on during the years there has been at least one Peter Staton. But it's doubtful until Mr. Jones wrote his letter to the Courier whether the last one knew his cognomen once adorned a slave.

A certain prominent white man in or about Washington is named for Douglass having started life as Fred Douglass Wilson. That and this case of the Statons are two very rare cases. Why shouldn't white babies be named after black men. There certainly are plenty Geo. Washington Smith's, Abraham Lincoln Jones', and Theodore Roosevelt Jackson's on this side.

MIDDLETOWN CONN PRESS
OCTOBER 17, 1917

"DEACON" SMITH HAS DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY

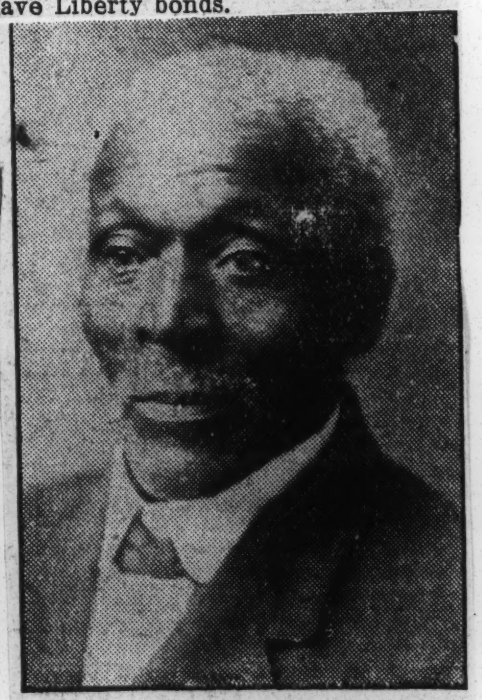
THOMAS SMITH, BORN A SLAVE, HAS HAD VARIED EXPERIENCE AND NOW WELL TO DO.

Thomas Smith, the well known second hand dealer, a resident of Middletown for 47 years, yesterday celebrated his 73rd birthday anniversary and also the 41st anniversary of his marriage to Minnie A. Rogers, a native of Virginia like Mr. Smith himself.

Mr. Smith was born in Virginia, October 16, 1844, a slave. He served in the engineer corps of the Confederate army, taking French leave of the same near the close of the war. He then went to the camp of the Federal army with 25 cents in his pocket to start life with. He hired out to three officers for $9 a month. After saving $5 some one stole it and left him as poor as he had begun. He kept at work and after saving $16 more returned to his home in Virginia where he found his mother quite ill. He gave her all he had and started out broke for the third time. He left the Sunny South with the Federal troops and landed in God's country, as he calls Connecticut, where he hired out to a farmer for $5 a month in the summer time and nothing in the winter. Jack Frost, however, made things so hot that it took all of his money to keep him from freezing, so he was unable to save much at that time.

After his year was up, packing his belongings he started on a tramp of six miles in search of another job. He found work in a paper mill and after a time succeeded in saving $60 with which he went to school. He was put in the infant class at the age of 24 years. Old ghost poverty showed up again and he was forced to postpone his education and seek employment again, which he did with success and soon saved $50 more. He then went to school again for a short time and came to Middletown just 47 years ago yesterday. He started business in 1882 and since that time 35 houses have been built on lots sold by him. Later he went into the furniture business and being unable to buy a mule for delivery he acted in that capacity himself and with a boy's express wagon delivered furniture sometimes a distance two miles out of the city.

Mr. Smith has been the subject of many names during his long and useful career. In the south they referred to him as the "Smoked Yankee" while in the west they called him the "colored Jew." In Connecticut he is known as "Deacon" or "Brother" Smith. While in England with the Salvation Army he was called "Daddy." He was the second of sixteen children and has four brothers and one cousin living. His real estate holdings are roughly estimated at $35,000. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith have Liberty bonds.



THOMAS SMITH,
Born a Slave 73 Years Ago, Now Worth $35.000.

Negro Veteran Dies.

Thomasville, Ga., March 20.—(Special.)—Old "Uncle" Richmond Mitchell, who died here yesterday and was buried today, was unique in being the only colored confederate veteran in Thomasville. Richmond went into the war with Judge Robert G. Mitchell and his brother, the late Judge W. D. Mitchell, at the beginning of the hostilities and served with them until General Lee surrendered. While not on the firing line, the old man had heard the cannons roar and the guns fire on many a battlefield and knew what war meant. Members of W. D. Mitchell camp defrayed the expenses of old Richmond's funeral and many of them attended it.

BAND OF 8 SLAVES OUT OF AFRICA IS LIVING AT MOBILE

Oldest Member of Tribe Is Woman Now 125 Years Old

4-30-17

(Special to The Advertiser.)

MOBILE, ALA., April 29.—Mobile is known the world over as one of the historic cities of America. "Mobile" itself means history. There have been many tales of Mobile under five flags, but it remains to be told how the last shipload of slaves from the West African coasts ever brought to this country were landed on the shores of Mobile bay.

There are eight negroes of this final shipload alive today in Mobile. They dwell in a group of little huts at Plateau. The oldest of the tribe is known as "Zuma," who is said to be 125 years old.

Here is "Kogo" Lewis' story of how they were brought to Mobile. Lewis lives in the colony.

Natives Made Captives.

There was a king named Takko, whose tribe was in the interior of the Congo Free States about two hundred miles from the west coast. Takko ruled over a large number of subjects and his tribe was a most peaceful one. One day a roaming tribe, captained by King Dahomi, settled within the limits of Takko's province and tried to usurp the tiny kingdom. A fight followed in which the rovers were completely victorious over the natives.

"Then," said Kogo, "all of us that were left were taken to the coast and loaded into a big ship by white men, a sight we had never seen before. We were mighty scared, but we thought anything was better than death such as our brothers and sisters suffered, so we made the best of it and came peacefully with those strange white men. I was between 18 and 20 years old when they caught me."

Only Eight Now Remain.

The white men threw all of the remaining natives into the hold of the big ship, fastened the hatches on tight and set sail. And the captured white men thought they were going on a voyage to the end of the world, because they could not reason that there was any land but their own. After a voyage of seventy days, the ship "Krotiley," commanded by Captain Billy Foster, put into Fort Morgan. The vessel was afterwards towed up to Twelve Mile Island and burned to her water line and the slaves brought to Mobile and sold.

There were 110 of them that landed here in July of the year of 1859, explained Kogo who were put on the market. Of this number he says there are only eight left five women and three men. All are now living in Plateau and their ages as he gives them are: Males—Osia Keaby 81; Polle Allen, 74; and himself, 79; females—Clara Abasha, 76; Molly, 72; Konky, 83; Parloro, 65; and Zuma, 125.

Krotiley Hull Reclaimed.

After the sale they were parted, said Kogo, and they worked faithfully for their masters until after the emancipation. Then they banded together again and have since resided in peace and quietness.

The Krotiley, which, many years afterwards, was brought into the Chickasabouge and sunk, has been raised by the Rev. Prince U. Kabe Rega, African preacher and lecturer, who is conducting evangelistic meetings among his race. The hull of the noted ship and the few remaining ex-slaves will be exhibited to the public by the prince, and the funds realized will be devoted to the future welfare of the last of the African slaves to be brought to this country.

MOVEMENT IS STARTED TO CARE FOR EX-SLAVES

Many Too Old to Work and, Without Relatives, Need Help Badly.

The inception of a movement that is expected to sweep all over the southland—a movement among the negro race to provide comfort in their old age for the thousands of poverty-stricken ex-slaves of their race, was begun at a meeting held Monday morning in Big Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Auburn avenue and Butler street.

Many old slaves, unable to work and make a living, and with no relatives or friends to assist them, hobbled up to the altar and were given money with which to provide themselves with warm clothing and something good to eat. The money given to the aged negroes was provided by the Ex-Slave Association of Atlanta, of which Professor B. R. Holmes, president of the Holmes Institute, is secretary and founder.

President Holmes said, in addressing the meeting: "There is no people who deserve more sympathy and help from the citizens of Atlanta than you, and no people have shown such true devotion and received such merited praise from all men and all races. It is the duty of all to see that these old people do not suffer for the necessities of life during the remainder of their days."

Holmes continued to say that the good white and colored citizens have contributed to this fund. The association is in need of $500 to continue the work of alleviating suffering among the unfortunate people. The Holmes Institute will receive donations and clothing.

BROOKLYN N Y CITIZEN
OCTOBER 14, 1917

NEGRO COLONY IN ALABAMA

Contains Remnants of Last Cargo of Slaves.

Perhaps the most interesting colony of negroes in America to-day, says the "Southern Workman," is to be found in the State of Alabama, about three miles from the heart of Mobile. Here in a little town called Plateau lives a group of nine weatherbeaten, grizzled old men and women, the remnant of the last cargo of slaves brought to American soil from the coast of Africa. The youngest is entering his seventy-sixth year; the oldest is not less than one hundred and ten, while just a few years ago one of their number died who had seen more than one hundred and forty years.

They were brought to America in the summer of 1859. In '65 their emancipation came. For the next few years they were buffeted about by changing fortunes and without any settled home.

One among them wiser than the rest, saw the dangers of their unsettled condition. Not owning their own homes, they could be turned out at any time, and, hiring themselves to strange masters in search of laborers, they might some day be carried off again into slavery, perhaps to Cuba or Porto Rico, for they learned that slavery still existed there. With such incentive behind them they selected a tract of land just outside Mobile, on Three-Mile Creek, and began the purchase of homes.

As one goes over and about Plateau, he is struck with the appropriateness of the setting in which the African colony is found. About one-half the town is owned by negroes; and, of the property occupied by them, at least 75 per cent. is owned by their own people. The largest single holding of land among them is between fifty and sixty acres. Another negro landlord owns and rents about twenty houses. There are nine stores, of which seven are owned and operated by colored men. The largest of them all is one of these seven and represents a volume of business amounting to more than $11,000 annually.

BIG STORE IS CLOSED IN TRIBUTE TO NEGRO

Constitution 4-28

Bainbridge, Ga., April 27.—(Special.) An unusual incident in this section was the closing yesterday of the Flint River store, the largest mercantile establishment here, in honor of the funeral of "Uncle Jim" Williams, an aged negro employee of the firm. Uncle Jim had worked for this store for more than 40 years, and the proprietor felt it proper to show this tribute of respect to his faithfulness. A number of the employees of the store attended the old man's funeral.

HERALD
New York City
FEB 13 1917

CAREER OF LINCOLN HINGED ON SLAVERY

Mr. Taft at Jersey City Dinner Says Great Issue of His Time Shaped Emancipator's Life.

"Abraham Lincoln" was the subject of an address by William Howard Taft at the fifty-second annual dinner of the Jersey City Lincoln Association at the Jersey City Club last night. Other speakers were George G. Warren, Jr., president of the association; Governor Walter Edge and United States Senator-elect Joseph S. Frelinghuysen. Mr. Taft said in part:—

"When we read of the origin of Lincoln the squalor of his early surroundings, the ignorant and shiftless character of his father, and have so little knowledge of the traits and intelligence of his mother it seems as difficult to explain what he did, what he was and what he is now in the estimate of his counrtymen and of the world as it is to reconcile the origin and education of Shakespeare and his immortal plays. Yet when we follow Lincoln's life closely, and when we accompany this by a study of the politics of the period in which he lived, we find the clue.

"As we look back now, no matter what men then said, no matter what issues they framed, slavery was the disease from which the nation was suffering, and until by a capital operation that was removed all hope of progress, all hope of successful continuance of popular government was impossible.

"As the antagonist of slavery, as the emancipator of the negro, Lincoln's career from its beginning to its end is a symmetrical and consistent whole."

Supreme Court Asked to Decide If Federal Government Must Pay

(Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The Supreme Court has been asked to decide whether the Federal government shall pay $68,000,000 to former slaves and their heirs for cotton picked in slavery times. Their claims are presented in an appeal to H. N. Johnson of Muskogee, Okla., and other former slaves and their heirs and "all others similarly situated."

The suit is directed against Secretary McAdoo as custodian of the government funds and recites that the slaves were held in involuntary servitude and forced to gather the Southern State's crops. They received no return for their labor, while the government collected the $68,000,000 in taxes on raw cotton. An accounting for the labor performed and a pro-rata distribution of the money among those entitled to pay for the labor are asked. The District of Columbia courts dismissed the suit.

STANDARD
From
Address: Bridgeport, Conn.
JAN 25 1917

WHAT OTHERS SAY

GEORGIA BOUGHT A SLAVE.

The state of Georgia was at one time the owner of a slave. Whether or not any other state ever owned a slave or slaves is not known, but certainly it is highly probable that no other state ever owned a slave and a railroad at the same time and worked them together, as was the case with the slave owned by Georgia.

The negro's name was Ransom, later called Ransom Montgomery by reason of the fact that before he was acquired by the state he was owned by a man named H. B. Y. Montgomery. He was purchased outright by the state through an act of the Legislature of 1849 for having saved the Western and Atlantic Railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee river from destruction by fire, and later was placed upon a salary under the supervision of the "principal engineer" of the Western and Atlantic railroad.

Subsequently, when the Civil war was over, Ransom, now a free man, was again remembered by the state. Although the state was practically bankrupt, an act of the General Assembly, approved August 3, 1868, authorized the superintendent of the state road to pay to Ransom from the treasury of the road the sum of $562.50 and also to provide him with a home during the rest of his life.—Atlanta Constitution.

DESCENDANTS OF VA. SLAVES LOSE LAND

(Special to The New York Age.)

Columbus, O.—By a decision handed down by Supreme Court last Tuesday, descendants of slaves of John Randolph, Virginia statesman, who settled in Mercer County, Ohio, in 1846, lost their suit to gain possession of land purchased for them in that year.

The Supreme Court held that the twenty-one year statute of limitation and adverse possession of the lands by others barred their right of action.

When John Randolph died he provided for emancipation of his slaves and set aside $3,000 for transporting and settling them in some other state or territory.

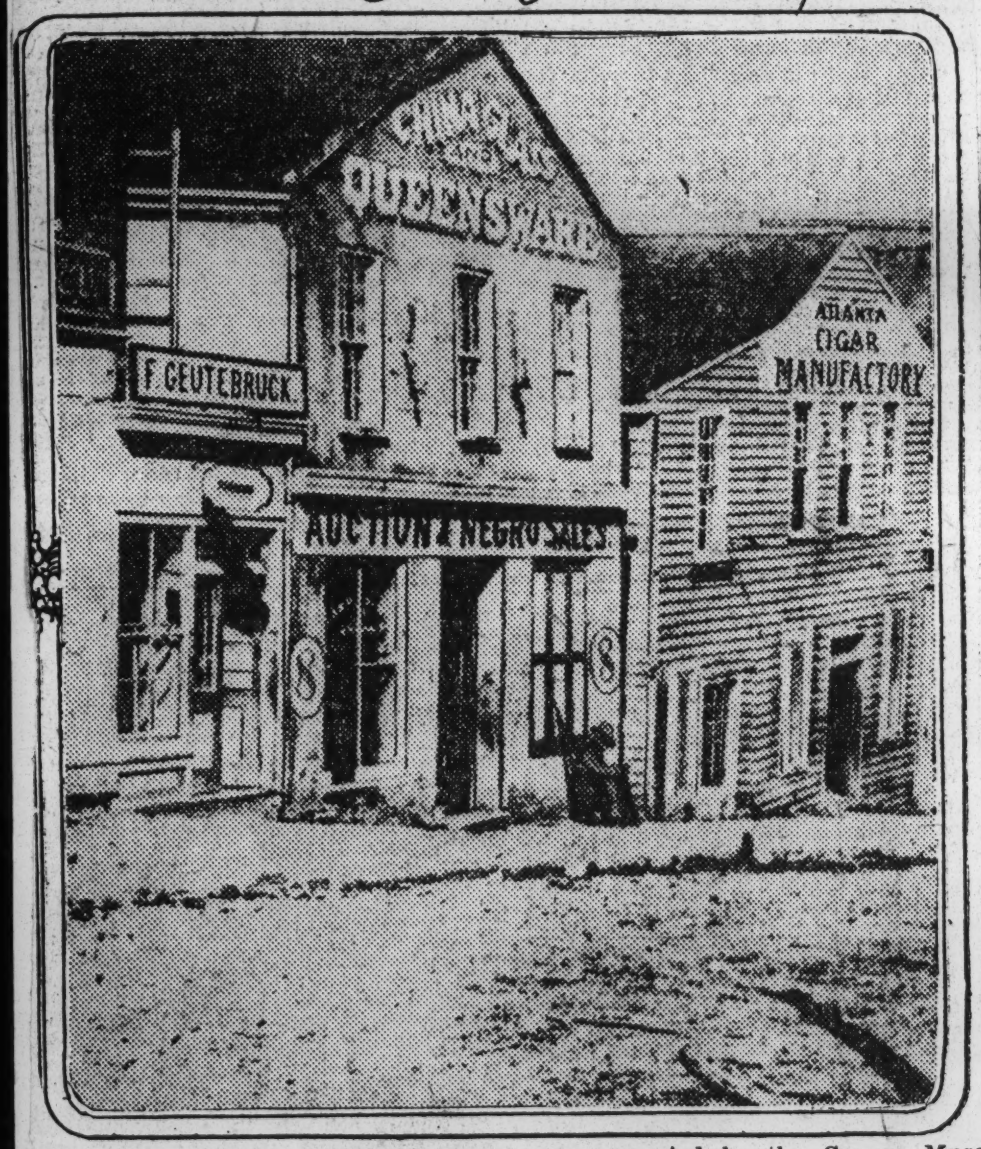
William Leigh, executor of the will purchased land in Mercer County, subsequently sold to Joseph Plunkett, but Mercer County whites forbade their settlement. So they settled in Miami County.

No attempt was made to regain the land until 1907, when Joseph Norton and York Ryal, colored descendants of the Randolph slaves, began action against the present owners.

Slavery -1917

:: Atlanta's Slave Mart ::

Constitution 9-26-17



One of the city's most historic spots, now occupied by the George Muse clothing store on Whitehall.

IS LOOKING FOR OLD FAMILY SLAVE

The whereabouts of an ex-slave, Louisa Phillips, are wanted by Mary Phillips, Arlington, Va. The director of archives at the State capitol has an inquiry from Miss Arlington Phillips. The letter says: "If found ask her who her parents were, and notify Mary Phillips, who has property she wants to have."

The director says the letter is probably from some negro woman who is looking for a long lost sister, and contains the information that the lost one was 5 or 6 years of age when sold by John Tippet, son of Jack Tippet, of Loudon county, Va.

Atlanta Constitution 9-26-17

A NOTABLE NEGRO.

By A. E. Grubb.

Founder

In 1799 there was born in Virginia a slave named Henry Herrington. He was the chattel of people who must have been "quality," for his speech gave evidence of association with refinement at an impressionable age. He was sold when a boy and separated from his mother. Such separations were commonplace then. But the heartache of that claevage, the horror of the child hurried into the unknown among strangers, the torture of loneliness, seared so deeply that a century later he would shrink and shudder at the memory.

He was taken to Tennessee, and again sold. Upon the death of his master the heirs gave token of respect for his feelings and would not put him on the public block, but sold him privately for $1,150, a fact he always referred to gratefully, proudly. What a gulf between the present day and the one when it was esteemed a worthy and delicate reward for faithfulness and industry to sell a human being privately instead of publicly!

Each bondage gave testimony to Henry's character. The last master was a man of affairs. He grew to trust the slave, giving him access to moneys. He had liberty of asle and purchase, being guided by his own judgment. When his master went to battle to perpetuate the institution of slavery, he left the slave in charge of his store, his fortunes, and the practical guardianship of his wife and children.

When the shackles fell, the man of sixty-six set forth for the promised land, Kassas, head up, "feeling like a young bull," as he said. What to him were the grasshoppers and drought and scourges which Nature, as if to try him in the last, fiercest furnace, visited upon that State for three decades? Freedom thrilled every vein, liberty made sweet each labor, the sense of manhood leaped joyous to the struggle. Did he succeed? All the forces of nature could not deter such a man from success.

His sons and daughters and grandchildren are noted in their neighborhood as skilled artisans, good farmers, and famous cooks. One daughter was esteemed in Chanute as highly as any woman in the city for her beautifully developed spiritual nature, her unceasing charities, and her plu-perfect cooking and dinner-serving.—Southern Worwman.

Foundation

HENRY HERRINGTON, AGE 113, AT THE GRAVE OF HIS DAUGHTER

Slavery - 1918

BOSTON MASS C S MONITOR
OCTOBER 21, 1918

"Black Mammy"

THE respect and affection with which the Negro woman who has nursed the children of a southern family in the United States is regarded, by members of such a family, through more than one generation, is made evident in the scrupulous provision made for her comfort as a member of the household, in the privileges she is granted, in the deference shown her by adults and minors, in the children's meek submission to her rulings, in the autocratic sway which she exercises over the other domestic "help," and in the prominent place she occupies in the literature of Dixie.

Typically, she has "tended" in youth the mistress of the house; was her constant companion in childhood, "looked after" her in girlhood, shared her confidence in young womanhood. When her charge married, it was not exactly nominated in the bond, but it was understood by the other party to the union that "Mammy" also should be taken over, and taken over "Mammy" was, in the great majority of cases. It was "Mammy" who managed affairs for the inexperienced bride; who gave her hints on marketing and on general housekeeping; who assumed responsibility for the menu, who "bossed" the young husband around, and who made herself generally useful. As the family grew, "Mammy's" responsibilities increased. It was she who procured the "help" and directed it. In many cases it was she who took charge of the children, managed the nursery, entered into the amusements of the small boys and girls, and disciplined them gently, as only a "black Mammy" could.

She had come into existence, as an institution, in slave times, but emancipation made little change in her position. She had always been treated as well, generally speaking, as any in the family; she shared in its prosperity; what the family had of luxury, comfort, advantage, she was permitted to claim as her own, and when the dark days came, or the home was broken up, and the family scattered, she clung to her mistress, if she might still do so, or to the daughters of the house, and considered herself well recompensed if she were only permitted to share in the family's adversity as she had shared in its brighter fortunes.

There was no such thing known as emancipation for the Negro "Mammy," for, in a large degree, she never was without her freedom. Even technically, it was the custom of the southern families, under slavery, to grant freedom to their old servants. As a usual thing, "Aunt Martha" and "Uncle George," as the Negro "Mammy" and her husband were, perhaps, commonly known, served without wage, but, in lieu of it, they were granted an allowance. In this respect, as in others, they were treated as members of the family, not as common "help."

So they are regarded and treated today in thousands of southern homes; so, very likely for many years to come, will they be treated. It is not improbable that they have a daughter, or a son, who also "belongs" to the family. In the course of time the son will be the "Uncle George," or the daughter will become the "Aunt Martha," and the "black Mammy" of some other home, for they are never "taken in": almost invariably they "grow up" with the member of the family who eventually adopts one or the other of them.

"Black Mammy" is a familiar character in southern fiction. She is necessary to the environment of the characteristic southern home. William Lightfoot Visscher has given her name to a collection of his Negro dialect poems, and, with other writers, has paid glowing tribute to her gentleness and fidelity. With everything that has been said, or that can be said, in appreciation of her, the man or woman of southern upbringing is certain to agree. There may be differences on other points, below Mason and Dixon's line, and among Southerners above it, but there is no difference, among those who have been "raised" by her, with reference to the many fine qualities of "Black Mammy."

Funds Asked for Ex-Slaves

the Constitution
Atlanta
12-16-

President B. R. Holmes giving weekly allowances to the ex-slaves to buy clothing, groceries and fuel.

The ex-Slave association has been doing active work in Atlanta for more than ten years, and was organized by Professor B. R. Holmes, who is secretary and manager, and is in receipt of more than one hundred applications for help from all sections of the city and state.

In order that the association may be in the position to give the aged beneficiaries something for Christwas, and to carry on its work for the coming year, a campaign has been opened by the finance committee to raise $3,500 from the citizens of Atlanta and the south to alleviate the immediate suffering among the ex-slaves.

The object of the association is to help support the old people who are so advanced in age and feeble in body that they cannot earn enough money to support themselves, and have no relatives and friends to help support them. These faithful old people have served their time and served well, and are now remembered for the devotion to the task assigned them when they were in bondage. There are no colored people more highly thought of by the white people of the south and north than the ex-slaves. One by one these old faithful men and women, remnants of the civil war and reconstruction days, are rapidly passing into the great beyond.

The leading white and colored people have contributed to this fund. All donations of funds, clothing, provisions and fuel can be sent to B. R. Holmes, 328 Fort street, secretary-manager, or call Bell phone, Ivy 4360-J.

The officers of the association are: Rev. W. H. Nelson, president; W. J. Williams, vice president; B. R. Homes, secretary; J. A. Lindsay, chairman finance committee; Horace Williams, treasurer; C. G. Gray, W. O. Rogers and W. O. Thomas.

CHARLES CITY IA INTELLIGNCR
AUGUST 1, 1918

GAME FOR FREEDOM

By RICHARD MARKLEY.

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"Good-bye, Pete; good bye Minnie" said Colonel St. Ledger to a negro and his wife who were about to be taken on board a steamer at Vicksburg, in 1810. "I hope you will get a good master. I was about to give you your freedom when this blow fell upon me. The law takes you out of my hands and I have no power to make you free. The colonel who had a heart as big as an ox had endorsed a note to save a friend from bankruptcy, and thereby become a bankrupt himself.

"We know dat Marse Colonel," said the woman. "Don't yo' worry yo'self about dat; you' couldn't help it."

The slaves were taken aboard the boat which was bound for New Orleans, showering blessings on their old master, but as soon as they were off on their journey southward they began to bewail their probable coming separation; for they would doubtless be sold to different masters.

In those days the steamers plying on the Mississippi river were infested with gamblers. In the cabin of the steamer on which these slaves were taken, were half a dozen tables around which sat card players with chips or money stacked up before them. A man whose serious mind marked him for a clergyman, went to one of the tables and said to those playing:

"Gentlemen, there are a couple of slaves on this boat, a man and his wife, who are going to New Orleans to be sold, quite likely, separately. It has been suggested to me that a game of "freeze out" be played for them—whatever that may be—the winner to give them their freedom. Will someone please tell me what is a "freeze out?"

"What this plan is that has been suggested to you, sir," said one of the gamblers, "is to sell chips to the amount of the price the owner puts on his slaves, and the chip holders play a game of poker till one of them owns all the chips. He then buys the slaves

and sets them free."

Several of the players at the table bought chips, and the clergyman went to other tables and induced others to buy. But when he had got in all he could it was only half enough. The owners of the negroes wanted $1,600 for the two, and chips only to the value of $900 could be sold.

"Friend," said the clergyman, "all the money I have in the world is seven hundred dollars. I will buy the rest of the chips if anyone who knows how to play this game of poker will play for me."

"You needn't take all the unsold chips, parson," said the owner of the slaves. "I'll divide it with you. I'll take half; you take the other half."

The game was arranged but there was trouble in finding anyone to play for the parson. He would not commit the interest to any professional gambler of which class he professed a horror; and no one else would accept the responsibility of playing for him.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "the Lord will play for me. I know nothing of the game, but in such a cause the Lord will send me luck with enough of the element of luck, I will need no skill."

The chip holders took a table and the game began. It was a slow proceeding, for everything must be explained to the parson. He neither won nor lost for a time, but one by one the players lost all the chips they had bought except the owner of the slaves and the clergyman. The former desiring to hasten the winning of the parson's chips proposed a jack pot. When a jack pot was explained to the parson he acceded to it and after considerable enlargement of the pile on the table his opponent opened it. The parson won on three kings, the other showing three knaves.

They played on with various success till the parson laid his cards on the table face down, and asked which was the higher hand, three kings or a queen and four deuces. When told that four deuces beat the kings he seemed surprised. But he took up his hand and, after a profound study of it, put fifty dollars in the pot. His opponent raised him. He raised his opponent and the raising went on till all the chips were on the table. The cards were turned over.

"Is that what you call a royal flush?" asked the parson looking up from his cards, showing four aces and a king.

There was a clapping of hands among the lookers-on. The slave owner had been frozen out.

The clergyman made out free papers for the slaves.

"Who is that man?" asked the slave owner, "I think there is something wrong about him."

"Something wrong and something right," replied a bystander. "He's a notorious card sharp, but he's given his money and his skill to free a couple of slaves."

Code of Laws For Slaves Governed Each Southern Plantation In Early Days

With No Cares and Responsibilities Darkeys of Slavery Days Took Life Easy

All of the old settlers of Montgomery were slave owners and a sketch is given of the relationship between master and slave. Slavery at that time was a legal institution, the citizens having nothing to do with making slavery. It was handed down from generation to generation from father to son. They came in possession of the slaves by bequest, by purchase and increase.

A man had as much right to hold negroes as property as he had to hold a horse as property, and the laws of his state and the Constitution of the United States protected him in that right. The law protected the master, and the law also protected the slave.

If a master did not furnish his slave with a sufficient amount of food and clothing, and humane treatment, it was a crime, and he was liable to be prosecuted by the grand jury of his county.

But it was to the interest of the master to take good care of his slaves it was a property too valuable to be neglected or abused. Each master enacted a code of laws for the management of his slaves, just as a state enacts a code of laws for the government of its citizens. If the slaves violated one of the laws he was liable to be punished, and the punishment was graded by the offense committee. If the offense was light the punishment was light; if the offense was greater, the punishment was greater.

The owner did not take pleasure in punishing his slaves; he only did it to make them obey the law. It is a parallel with a jury, which does not take pleasure in finding a defendant guilty, neither does a judge take pleasure in passing a sentence upon a criminal. They do it in order that the law be obeyed. The slave was contented and satisfied with his lot in life. The generation that preceded him had been slaves and from birth they were taught by precept and example to look up to, depend upon and obey their masters in all things. It became natural for them to do so, and thus it was from generation to generation. The slave was not only satisfied and contented with his lot in life, but he was a happy being. He had his house and garden, his food and clothing furnished him and the very best nursing and medical attetion given him when sick.

Enjoyed Life.

He had his associates and enjoyed life in his way, just as other people do. He worked along cheerfully all day, and would pick the banjo and sing and dance all night, if permitted. He had no cares and responsibilities, had nothing to disturb his mind; he was only requred to labor. He was a trusty and faithful being. The master could go from home and remain away on business as long as necessary, and leave the wife and children surrounded by these slaves and they would be as safe from harm, as if they were in a guarded palace. Not only were they saf but they would be protected and defended, if need be. There is not an instance on record in Montgomery county, during the existence of slavery, where a wife or daughter was ever assaulted by a slave. Such a thing was never heard of until the negro was made free. There are only two instances where a slave killed his master during the forty-three years of slavery in Montgomery county.

The society where slavery existed was the best in the world. They were, as a rule, moral, religious, benevolent, peaceable, kind and indulgent, and their precept and example had a good effect on these slaves.

Rules Seldom Violated.

There were very few violations of the law on the part of these slaves, and their conduct was such that the time of the courts was rarely ever taken up with cases against them. Whereas, now the time of the courts is almost altogether occupied in trying offenders for violations of law against their free brothers, as the chain-gangs, jails, coal mines and penitentiary will testify.

In the matter of religion and religious privileges, the slaves had all that their masters had. In all of the old country churches a portion of the building was set apart for their benefit, and master and slave worshipped under the same roof. They not only had the privilege of going to church, but were encouraged to go; and they could unite with the church and have their names entered on the same book with their masters The preacher in charge would baptize them with seemingly as much pleasure as he would with the master; and like wise when they partook of the sacrament, after the white members had been waited on, the deacons, who were very frequently the masters, would pass the bread and wine around to them.

Home for Ex-Slaves Planned in Atlanta, And Funds Are Asked

April 13, 1918.

To provide a home for decrepit ex-slaves who are dependent on charity, E. R. Craighead, secretary and manager of the Meadow Brook Land company, has donated four lots in Meadow Brook upon which it is proposed to erect homes in which they may spend their last years in comfort. Meadow Brook is located on the Stone Mountain car line near Decatur.

A committee of leading negroes, both men and women, has been appointed to conduct the canvas for money and materials for the erection of the buildings. Work on the first one will start about April 25. It is requested that donations be sent to David T. Howard, trustee, 154 Piedmont avenue, or the Atlanta State Savings bank.

HOME FOR EX-SLAVES HELPED BY ATLANTANS

Numbers of donations to provide a home for ex-slaves on four lots in Meadow Brook, near Decatur recently donated for this purpose by E. R. Craighead, secretary and manager of the Meadow Brook Land company, have been sent to the committee this week.

April 24 will be designated as Tag day, when the negroes of Atlanta will be asked to contribute liberally to this fund. Work on the first building will begin on April 25. The following donations have been received by the committee this week:

R. G. Hastings & Co., $10; Pasco Tool company, $10; Gate City Coffin company, $10; DeKalb Supply company, Decatur, Ga., $5; Mrs. Carroll Payne, $5; Oglethorpe university, $2; H. M. Patterson & Son, $5; James Sharp, druggist, $1; Mrs. Ida Payne, Bogart, Ga., $1; a friend, $1; Rev. Watson, $1; David T. Howard, $25.

It is requested that donations be sent to David T. Howard, trustee, 154 Piedmont avenue, or the Atlanta State Savings bank.

——Buy Liberty Bonds——

Slavery—1918

N Y [illegible]
JUN [illegible] 1918

BOOKS AND READING.

The fat volume on "American Negro Slavery" (Appletons; $3 net) by Prof. U. B. Phillips takes for material the human aspects of slavery. The laws dealing with slavery, the progress of the Abolition movement, are thrust to one side; and the negro as an average individual holds the stage in chapters treating of African life, the slave trade, the work and social environment of the negro on the rice coast, in the sugar-brakes, and on the cotton plantations, the domestic traffic in slaves, the town slave, the freed slave, and the slaves' criminal record. Professor Phillips tells us that he has spent twenty years in collecting the materials for the work—at least, his historical study of Southern life has extended over that period—and the illustrative detail speaks of long and exhaustive labor. The author takes a sunny view of the negro as a slave and freeman. He is convinced that "Southern racial asperities are mainly superficial, and that the two great elements are fundamentally in accord." In going over the proofs as a Y. M. C. A. worker at Camp Gordon, Ga., he has found new evidence confirming this belief. The white Georgians daily go to the negro barracks to find their friends; "the negroes themselves show the same easy-going, amiable, serio-comic obedience and the same personal attachments to white men, as well as the same sturdy light-heartedness and the same love of laughter and rhythm which distinguished their forebears."

Even upon the slave trade, so often described in the blackest hues by controversialists and so warmly condemned by DuBois and other historians, Professor Phillips bears rather lightly. People have come to speak too glibly of the horrors of the middle passage. Any protracted voyage in those days was a horror, marked by high mortality, as well as much suffering. It is recorded by no less an observer than Henry Laurens (1768) that the negroes carried to the Carolinas arrived in much better condition than the poor Protestants brought over from Ireland. Professor Phillips declares that discomfort was unavoidable in crowded ships on tropic seas, that with seasickness it rose to wretchedness, that when food or water ran short the suffering was almost or quite beyond endurance, and that "in epidemics of scurvy, smallpox, or ophthalmia the misery reached the limit of human experience." But the average voyage, with the trade winds to waft, was rapid and smooth, the food was plentiful and wholesome, and the sanitation, which comprehended the swabbing out of the lower decks with vinegar as a disinfectant daily, was adequate. The slaves suffered no more on the whole than the poor whites who peopled so much of the American continent. Once in America, the slaves were better off than the very negro procurers who remained in Africa.

The chapter upon the domestic slave trade is disappointingly short. The author points out that there was a marked social stigma upon slave dealing, but that for those who didn't mind it the profits were large. The difference in the scale of prices between the dearest and the cheapest markets hardly ever fell below 30 per cent. From this margin there had to be deducted the cost of feeding, clothing, and transportation, and of losses by death or escape, but the coming of railways to speed the journeys greatly reduced the costs. The prevailing Southern sentiment towards the negro trader, "preëminent in villany and a greedy love of filthy lucre," was expressed in a portrait drawn by D. R. Hundley, of Alabama, in 1860:

> Although honest and honorable when they first go into business, the natural result of their calling seems to corrupt them, for they usually have to deal with the most refractory and brutal of the slave population, since good and honest slaves are rarely permitted to fall into the unscrupulous clutches of the speculator. . . . He is outwardly a coarse, ill-bred person, provincial in person and manners, with a cross-looking phiz, a whiskey-tinctured nose, cold, hard-looking eyes, a dirty tobacco-stained mouth, and shabby dress. . . . Almost every sentence he utters is accompanied with an oath.

Similar views were commonly expressed throughout the South; and as this writer says, no one of any conscience would ordinarily permit a good slave to pass into the hands of these men. Many slaves were sold or exchanged locally; and it was common for notices of a slave for sale to bear the information that the human chattel would not be allowed to pass out of the State, and would not be sold to any one but the ultimate owner.

Professor Phillips paints on the whole a very attractive picture of plantation life. He shows the slave as well fed, well clothed, and well treated, being seldom overworked. He emphasizes the close relations of the whites and the blacks, and the frequency of not merely relaxation, but festivity, in the negro quarters. Of special interest are the chapters on types of large plantations and plantation management. How, in a great plantation of 150 slaves, were the slaves divided into domestic corps, field corps, stable corps, and so on? How was the work scheduled, and what were the slaves doing in the bleak months from November to March? In what parts of the South was there any approach to systematic crop rotation, and how was slave labor adapted to it? These and like questions are answered by citations from the records of such great plantations as those of St. George Cocke, in the Virginia tidewater; of Alexander Telfair, of Savannah; of J. A. S. Acklen, of Louisiana, and others. On these huge places the lot of the slave seems to have been especially fortunate. The owners were cultivated gentlemen, who wished the slaves well-treated, and had the money to see that they were. Telfair, with his "Sabine Farm," seems to have been typical of an excellent and fairly large class.

vs and Obse

GH, N. C., SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1919.

Inch Coast Defense Gun Which Hurls Shell 30 Miles

ph was taken at the moment when the first shot was fired from a new
se gun, which hurls a projectile thirty miles. The first tests, to determine
crete emplacements, were made at Fort Story, Norfolk, Va. Only three
t that the range of the guns is easily thirty miles was demonstrated. In
will be aimed at targets thirty miles away. The guns are mobile and
from their concrete emplacements to railway mounts for transportation.

THE GREAT SNOW OF CHRISTMAS 1876

A Story of How the Negroes Thought the White Folks Were Rising and the Whites Thought the Blacks Were Rising—A Mystery Explained.

RALEIGH N C OBSERVER
DECEMBER 28. 1919

The big North Carolina snow came the winter of 1856-57. I know this because I was born December 4, 1856. My parents always called me the "Snow Baby." I remember to have heard them say over and over again, that "the snow was so deep that it came to the top of the fences and that it remained on the ground eight weeks."

The next big snow came the winter of 1876-77. It commenced to snow early in the morning of December 24th and continued with only an occasional let-up for four days and nights. It attained a depth of about 40 inches, and then it changed to a fine hail and then to a misty rain, which froze hard, making a steel-like crust on the top of the 40 inches of soft snow. I remember all this very distinctly as you will see from what follows.

North Carolina in common with her sister southern states, was now just on the threshold of emerging from her terrible days of reconstruction. The great Zebulon B. Vance, her favorite son, had been elected governor at the fall election. There was great and hilarious rejoicing. The time had come for him to be inaugurated. Governor, citizens and soldiers were journeying to Raleigh from all sections of the State. Politically the situation was tense. The horrors of reconstruction days with the carpet-baggers, Red strings, union leagues, negro office-holders, Ku Klux Klan, etc., were still fresh in everybody's mind.

After the inauguration the people began to return home. In the early part of the night, of which I write, a passenger train, loaded to the limit with citizens and soldiers, had a slight break down or something that caused it to stop about midway between two small stations, not a great many miles out of Raleigh. While waiting, I suppose, the troops became restless, and amused themselves by firing off their rifles into the still night air.

About half a mile from the railroad at this point on a country road running almost parallel with the railroad, in a very quiet and peaceable neighborhood lived my father. It was a big old-fashioned house. The front door opened into a big hall room; an open stairway led from this room up to the second story. Back of this hall-room was an ell room with a big fireplace. From one corner of this room was a door that opened into the stairway that led to the second story. Back of the house was the apple orchard and back of the orchard the cabins where the darkies that worked the plantation lived. About a mile, both up and down the road, our white neighbors lived.

When my brother and I went up to our room that night I remember that we heard distinctly the rifle firing over at the railroad where the train had stopped; also on the still night air we could hear some of the lusty ones still hurrahing for Vance. This was about 10 o'clock. Pretty soon the train moved off and the noise ceased.

The next thing I remember I was awakened by a Bang, Bang, Bang on the back door. "Open de door, Miss Katie." "Open de door. White folks is rising, white folks is rising."

The big clock in the hall room struck one. I heard my mother jump from her bed and run to the door. I knew she recognized the voice as that of Roxy Ann, her big, faithful black cook. I heard the door open and then Roxy Ann fell prostrate at her feet in a swoon.

I heard my father as he jumped up and lit the lamp. A fire was still burning in the fireplace from the logs of the early night. A little water sprinkled on Roxy Ann's face brought her back to consciousness. "Oh Miss Katie," she moaned, "De white folks is risin', I tell you, de white folks is rising. Dey done shoot all round and under our house. Dennis (that was her husband) he say to me, run to de big house Roxy, run to de big house fo dey gits you. Ise going to de woods. I know they'd shoot at me 900 times fo I gits here, but dey didn't tech me, thank de Lord. Po' Dennis, I never see him no mo. I know dey'll kill him, case he toted de chains agin' de Klu Kluck. I'll be a widow. What shall I do? Oh Miss Katie doan let 'em git me."

Bang, bang, there was another knocking on the back door. "Lemme in, Mars John. Lemme in. De white folks is risin'; de white folks is risin." I recognized the voice as that of Uncle Dan, the faithful farm hand. "Oh," he kept saying as the door opened and he came inside, "De white folks is risin.'"

"How do you know, Uncle Dan," I heard my father ask him.

"They been shooting all night. They kept getting closer and closer twill I couldn't stand it at home, so I lit out but dey followed me, shooting, shooting, till I get in dis do."

The plantation darkies kept coming, one at a time, all telling the same tale, until there was a dozen or more of them. The night was terribly cold.

It was almost impossible to travel on the snow except in the beaten tracks. My father kept a big fire going for them. My mother tried to comfort them as best she could. But nothing she could say seemed to comfort them. They seemed to me obsessed with the belief that the white folks were risin, that they were shooting at them from behind every tree. Some of them said that they shot at them from behind every corn stalk. From my room up stairs I could hear all that was said both in the back room and also in the hall room. If I were to record it all it would make a small book. After a while, though, from pure exhaustion, they began to get more quiet. The hours passed along. I heard the big clock in the hall room strike four.

Tap, tap, I heard a gentle knocking on the front door. Tap, tap again. "Father," I called. "There is someone knocking at the front door." Instantly every darkey was alert. "Hush, hush, what dat? Told you so." "Father," I called again; "there's somebody knocking at the front hall door."

As my father rose to go to open the front door every darkey rose, knowing as they did that it was white folks, because no darkey ever went to a white man's front door. "Hush," "Listen," they kept saying to each other.

"Who's there?" I hearl my father say, very cautiously, as he opened the door. "This is Josiah," I heard the voice outside say. "Get your gun," said he, "quick. The niggers is risin. They are shooting everywhere."

"It's de white folks risin," I heard Roxy Ann say in a hoarse whisper as she caught a part of the conversation at the front door. "Run, niggers run, run for your life." With that they every one made a bolt for the back door and out into the night they plunged in spite of my mother's every effort to quiet them.

My attention was now directed to the conversation at the front door:

"How do you know the niggers is risin'," I heard my father ask. "Ain't they been shooting at us all night. They commenced last night about 10 o'clock. I've been giving the warning ever since. All the neighbors are gathered together at my house. They are prepared to defend themselves, too."

"Anybody been shot?" I heard my father ask him. "Boun' to be," said Josiah, "when both sides been shooting since 10 o'clock and it is now near day."

"I know my duty plain," said he, "is to give the warning."

"But if the niggers is risin' as you say, and shooting at every white man, ain't you afraid to go out in the night alone. Better stay here."

"No," said Josiah, "my calling and election is sure and I am going to warn my neighbors."

So he went out. I heard afterwards that he continued to give warning to the white folks all next day and that he went to the nearest telegraph office and sent word to the new Governor to

(Continued on Page Two.)

The News and Observer
December 28, 1919

Slavery Days, etc. - 1919

Negroes, Once Slaves, Apart 60 Years, to Meet Today

LOUISVILLE [illegible] COURIER

DECEMBER 25, 1919

On a slave block at New Orleans Christmas Eve, 1859, three negro pickaninnies were offered for sale.

Their mother kissed them, and they were taken away by their new masters, two to a Louisianian named Dougherty, the other to a Tennessean named Drane.

Time passed, emancipation came, but the negro youths remained with their masters, who were kind.

In days that came they learned to read and write a little, and finally learned of the whereabouts of their mother, who, too, had been faithful to her former owners.

Yesterday three negroes, bent with age, their white, kinky locks like snow, met in Louisville.

George Drane crowed delightedly as his brothers, Phil and Charley Dougherty, chorused, "De great day's done cum." They visited the Colored Branch Library, Tenth and Chestnut Streets, where George has been janitor for several years.

Today they will go to Leitchfield, where their mother, 100 years old, lives, and spend with her the first Christmas together in sixty years.

Slavery Days

MENTION was made the other day of the enduring popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the New York Public Library; and now this popularity is taken farther afield by the experience of a gentleman who asked a librarian in a smaller institution what American book had to be most frequently rebound. "'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" replied the librarian. "Every year there is a new generation of young readers who have never read 'Uncle Tom,' and we have to keep a dozen copies in circulation." Although this is probably not the case with every library, it is just as probably the case with a great many and it shows plainly that Mrs. Stowe's famous book retains its power to interest readers. The younger generation, as librarians well know, do not keep any book in active circulation merely to satisfy a literary curiosity.

Christmas 1919

"Ten-Cent Bill" Faithful Friend, Pays Xmas Visit

By Paul Warwick.

Christmas is the love season; it is then that loves intense, loves spontaneous and fleeting, and loves that are everlasting find their best expression.

The good old souls that live their happy, reminiscent days on the crest of the wooded hill that holds the Confederate Soldiers' home know it, and know it well. Many a tale could they tell of devotion, devotion that had been tried and had refused to die.

Were you to go there today, and ask for such a tale, you would hear the story of "Ten-Cent Bill" Yopp, the beloved ex-slave, who arrived Tuesday at the home on his annual pilgrimage of good cheer bringing. For ten years he has contributed his mite, and gathered more, that the heroes of the confederacy might be assured of a glad Yuletide.

Quaint Philosopher.

Uncle Bill, quaint philosopher and philanthropist in his modest, sincere sort of way, is a popular person at the soldiers' home, and the hands that grasp his black hands in a clasp of welcome are impelled by a feeling of friendship that lasts.

With all of them Bill is popular but most popular of all was he Tuesday in a little room on the second floor of one of the dormitories for—

There, smiling, looking through clear blue eyes, lying abed from the necessity of reckoning with the physical toll demanded by ninety-three years of whole-hearted, lovable life, lies Captain Thomas Mackall Yopp, once of Laurens county, in the sixties the gallant leader of Company H of the Eighteenth Georgia regiment.

Faithful Servant.

In those days, Bill, a husky colored lad of fifteen years, was Captain Yopp's bodyguard and personal servant, and when in the battle of Seven Pines a minie ball crashed through the shoulder blade of his master, the captain, Bill ran five long miles to procure medical aid. Then through four long months he nursed Captain Yopp back to health and vigorous life.

Though fifty-six years have ripened the bodies and souls of both, and though it is perhaps true that fortune has treated the servant with a bit more consideration than the master, the old relation of the slave to the master was there—in Bill's worshipful glances of devotion, and in his gentle touch as he re-arranged the pillows under his former master's head.

Brings Good Cheer.

Moving quietly about the room, seeing to every detail that could add to the comfort of the man he has loved for three-score years, tears welled to the eyes of the good old negro, and time and time again he turned his head from his old friend's cot, following with a smiling word the sob that he had choked back, and the tear that he had wiped away.

News of loved ones, Bill imparted it; advice as to the care of his health that must be taken, Bill gave to his former master. Cheer and love he brought, and in the eyes of Captain Yopp there kindled a light of friendship that knows and appreciates a friend that really is.

When with his former master Ten Cent Bill is thoughtful of nothing else, of no one else. But away, the kind heart of Bill dictates a quaint philosophy and a life-tale that is thrilling.

Was Famous Cook.

Bill has, for a long time, been a cook. For years he was employed on the luxury cars of transcontinental trains, a caterer to the expensive tastes of men of wealth and men of power.

The list of men that have enjoyed the masterpieces of Bill's cuisine reads like a roster of the Hall of Fame. McKinley, Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, on special cars ridden by all of these has Bill prepared his famous dishes. Travel on this continent is nothing new to Bill.

And the rest of the globe is familiar terrain, most of it, to Ten Cent Bill. Several years he was cook on the collier "Brutus," and familiarity is the keynote of every sentence that Bill utters about such places as Hong Kong, the straits of Magellan, Uruguay, Paraguay, and the multitude of foreign strands he has touched in his peregrinations.

To Distribute Gifts.

Today at the home Bill distributes his annual quota of gifts to the old soldiers, and they are looking forward to it. Today, too, Bill will speak to the old soldiers, and many a truth will he speak in the sincere, quaint way he has.

It was to have happened yesterday, but Governor Dorsey was too pressed with affairs of state to be present. He will be there today and Bill is satisfied, for he said: "We jus' couldn't have it without the greatest governor that the greatest state in the union has had in a long, long time."

Bill is altruistic, just as much so as is possible, but others pale into slight insignificance when Marse Thomas M. Yopp, soldier and hero, is present, in actuality or in conversation.

WILLIAM YOPP,
Ex-slave, better known as "Ten Cents Bill."

NEW YORK CITY MAIL
OCTOBER 14, 1919

FIGHTS HARD TO SAVE HIS 'MAMMY'S' BOY

Louisiana Lawyer Seeks Release of Alleged Negro Slayer.

Few southern men and women do not carry in their hearts a large, warm spot for "mammy," who, in many cases, ranked next to father and mother in the love and esteem of the children.

How such love clings on down the years is being exemplified in Louisiana in one of the hardest court fights of recent years, waged by Judge R. E. Milling, of New Orleans, for the life of a negro twice convicted of the murder of a deputy sheriff in Winn parish, April, 1916.

The reason is said to be that Morgan, the negro, is the son of Judge Milling's old "black mammy." For her sake, her "white chile," grown to be one of the state's most prominent men, has given unlimited time and spent thousands of dollars in an effort to save her black son from the hangman's noose.

The killing of Ernest Howell, a deputy sheriff, occurred in April, 1916, and Morgan was indicted by the grand jury in November of that year. The first trial found the jury unable to agree. At the second trial Judge Milling called for a change of venue, asserting that race prejudice and the prejudice of the sheriff's office against Morgan was such that the prosecution "had descended into a persecution."

The motion was tabled and another mistrial followed, whereupon the state moved for a change of venue to Jackson parish. Judge Milling opposed this move on the grounds that prejudice against negroes was strong in that section and that the slain man's family had great influence there, which would not make for a fair trial.

His opposition was futile and Morgan was convicted of murder. Judge Milling appealed to the Supreme Court and obtained a reversal, with instructions that a new trial be given in Jackson parish with all evidence formerly ruled out admitted. The new trial, however, also resulted in conviction with a sentence of death.

After further legal efforts, Judge Milling eventually succeeded in obtaining an order from the Supreme Court to reverse its first judgment, ordering a new trial. He has, meanwhile, applied for a writ of certiorari in the Supreme Court. The trial is to take place in Jackson parish in October, but even if this results in conviction, it probably will be taken to the United States Supreme Court by Judge Milling for "mammy's" sake.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

FINDS SLAVE BILL OF SALE DATED 1751

BROOKLYN N Y EAGLE
MAY 1, 1919

Negro Bought for 80 Pounds ($400), According to Document Newsboy Picks Up.

One hundred and sixty-eight years ago last Tuesday, Jaques Cortelyou and John Van Brunt met in the Town of New Utrecht and after considerable dickering Jaques Cortelyou agreed to sell his best slave, a negro man by the name of Tom, to Van Brunt for the sum of £80. This is history that never found its way into the school books, but is a fact nevertheless. There is no one living today who heard the bargain or saw the sale made.

It is doubtful if this historic transaction would have ever been made public had not Howard Colborn, 13 years old of 122 Fenimore st, been wide awake Tuesday morning while delivering newspapers for a Flatbush newsdealer. Howard was walking on Hawthorne st., near Flatbush ave., when he found a withered document on the pavement. Howard realized its worth to its owner when he discovered the contents of the paper.

Written in a fine hand in the style of that period, Jacques Cortelyou had drawn the bill of sale and had left no loophole that John Van Brunt could find should the negro slave prove valueless as a worker of the farm. Witnesses set their hand to the document and a bright red seal, crudely sprawled at the bottom, put the finishing touch to the sale.

Some one lost the valuable document and Howard Colborn is anxious to turn his find over to the rightful owner.

The document bears no other marks except that of the pen of Jaques Cortelyou. In those days there was a first class slave market in the Gravesend section, but from the document it

Summer Idea - 1916

Slavery continues

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is probable that the deal was made while Cortelyou and Van Brunt were leaning over the farmyard gate and watching the fast movements of old Tom. Tom brought $400, a good price as slaves went in those days.

The bill of sale, as near as can be made out, reads as follows:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Jaques Cortelyou of New Utrecht, in Kings County, in the Province of New York, for and in consideration of the sum of eighty pounds, current money of the Province of New York, now in hand paid by John Van Brunt of the same place in proof I hereby acknowledge the receipt and myself therewith, feeling satisfied, have bargained, sold and delivered unto the said John Van Brunt one negro man named Tom, to have and to hold the said negro man unto the said John Van Brunt, his heirs and administrators and assignees, to the only proper use and behoof of said John Van Brunt, his executors, administrators and assignees forever, and I, the said Jaques Cortelyou, for myself executor, administrator and assignee the said bargained, promises unto the said John Van Brunt, his heirs, executor, administrators and assignees against all persons, shall and will warrant and defend by these presents. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 29th day of April, in the year 1751.

'JAQUES CORTELYOU.

It bore the names of Wylle Mc-Crimmins and Andris Emans as witnesses.

Ex-Slave Coming To Soldiers' Home With Xmas Funds

"Ten-Cent Bill" En Route From Macon With Money Subscribed for Gray Veterans' Holiday Festivities.

Macon, Ga., December 18.—(Special.)—William Yopp, better known as "Ten-Cent Bill," the former slave who has played Santa Claus to the veterans at the Soldiers' home in Atlanta for the past several years, left for the Gate City today, taking with him more than $200 which has been contributed by people all over Georgia to his fund. Friday Bill will confer with the superintendent of the home as to the best means of spending the money for the veterans and on Christmas morning Bill will make the formal speech of presentation.

For several years Bill has been providing cheer for his former master, but three years ago he enlarged on his program to include all of the veterans. He enlisted the aid of a local newspaper and each year the paper has opened its columns to receive subscriptions to the fund, the money being turned over to Bill and he in turn provides the delicacies which help to make the grizzled old heroes happy at Christmas time.

As a body servant for a young man who went to the war from Laurens county, Bill followed the fortunes of Lee and his men throughout the war. After the war was over the family of Bill's master was unable to recoup its fortunes and Bill drifted away. He spent several years at sea and encircled the globe during his wanderings. A few years ago he returned to look for his former master and found him in the Old Soldiers' home. Each Christmas since then he has visited the home and out of his own slender earnings has purchased delicacies for the man who once owned him.

This will be the last time Bill will act as Santa for the veterans, for the legislature has taken recognition of his work and beginning next year has authorized an annual appropriation of $500 to provide Christmas for the veterans. "Ten-Cent Bill" will live long in the hearts of the men who wore the gray and their descendants.

MEMPHIS TENN APPEAL
MAY 16, 1919

Faithful Old Negro Is Oldest Employe of Commercial Appeal

Perhaps it was a mere coincidence, but the old Memphis Appeal and Uncle Ike were born the same year.

From 1840 until 1858 the old Appeal struggled along alone, but in the vigor of their youth the Appeal and Uncle Ike joined forces. They have been together ever since, except for a brief period when the Appeal left Memphis to escape the Yankees.

Uncl Ike was born 79 years ago in LaGrange, Tenn. He belonged to the Polk family, and, therefore, his surname is Polk.

When Uncle Ike came to Memphis as a young pickaninny in the fifties the thriving young village on the Chickasaw Bluffs extended from Auction to Vance avenues and east to old Center Point, the present location of the street car barns.

It was predestined that Uncle Ike should enter the haunts of journalism. He first worked in the office of the Memphis Whig as the bodyguard of Hamilton Avery, who operated the newspaper under the firm name of Avery & Bankhead.

Uncle Ike began work for the Memphis Appeal in 1858. It was his business to help in the mailing room and to carry the mail sacks on his back to the old Memphis & Charleston depot.

When the Yankee army approached Memphis Uncle Ike sorrowfully helped to load the presses and type cases of the Appeal into a boxcar and saw his livelihood depart for safer zones around Grenada, Jackson, Rome and Atlanta, where it was published as an official organ of the Confederate army.

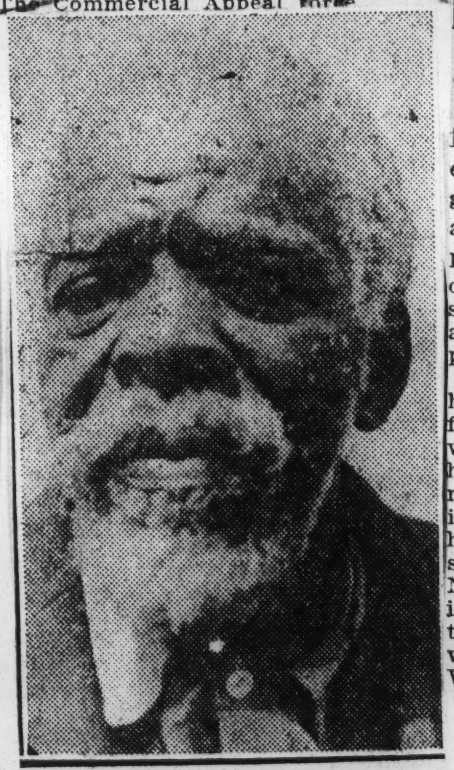
During the enforced absence of the Appeal Uncle Ike found employment in the office of the esteemed but lamented contemporary, the Memphis Bulletin.

Steamboating lured him from the paths of journalism for a time, and Uncle Ike journeyed as far as Pittsburgh and St. Louis. He even made a pleasure trip to Chicago by rail.

When the Yankees had departed and the Appeal returned from the south to resume publication in its native city Uncle Ike rejoined the mailing room force. He has been with the paper from that day to the present time.

Although he is 79 years old, Uncle Ike is not yet ready to retire. He comes daily to The Commercial Appeal building to handle the metal in the composing room, and to keep the printers in order.

Uncle Ike is a kindly soul, beloved and respected by every member of The Commercial Appeal force.



ISAAC POLK

SLAVE CASE PAPERS MAY CAUSE SUIT

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 14.—Madison county, Ill., has files in a proceeding against Gov. Edward Coles in the courts of Edwardsville in 1823, after liberating ten slaves which he came to Illinois from Virginia. The Illinois Historical Society wants the records to be filed at Springfield. The old papers were discovered by John A. Bingham, a Vandalia lawyer, who has been securing data for the Illinois centennial. Suit for the possession of the documents may result.

Signatures Valuable

Several miles east of Edwardsville is a small settlement which originated when Coles gave each of his slaves 160 acres of land. Vandalia was capital of the state when Coles was arrested on an action for a debt of $2,000. He was taken to Edwardsville by the sheriff and because of his activity against slavery in Illinois the suit was the result of spite work by his political enemies. The warrant, the pleas and the $2,000 bond given by Coles are in the list of papers desired. Coles' three signatures are valued at $1,000 each.

Slaves Set Free

Coles lost the case because he liberated his slaves without giving $500 bond in the case of each slave set free. This bond was supposed to act as a guarantee they would not become public dependents. The Supreme Court reversed the proceedings and the charges were never reheard. In the proceeedings Coles contended he liberated the slaves while coming down the Ohio river before reaching Illinois. With the papers a petition was found to secure members for the Madison Association to Oppose the Establishment of Slavery in Illinois. This was thought to have been used aaginst Coles in his trial.

HONOR MEMORY OF FREDERICK DOUGLAS

Last Thursday was celebrated by colored people as the birthday of Frederick Douglas, usually considered the greatest of American negroes. He was born a slave in Tuckahoe, Md., February 14, 1817, and a proposal was made two years ago to celebrate his centenary by an exposition of the products of negro arts and industries, but this did not take place.

As a boy Douglas secretly taught himself to read and write. He fled from slavery at the age of 21 and went to New Bedford, Mass., where he supported himself by day labor, meanwhile taking a prominent part in the abolition movement. In 1847 he began the publication of an anti-slavery newspaper at Rochester, N. Y., and after the Civil War settled in Washington and edited the National Era. His last public service was as minister to Haiti. He died in Washington 24 years ago.